

PART 512

THE

PRICE 6d

LEISURE



HOUR

AUGUST, 1894

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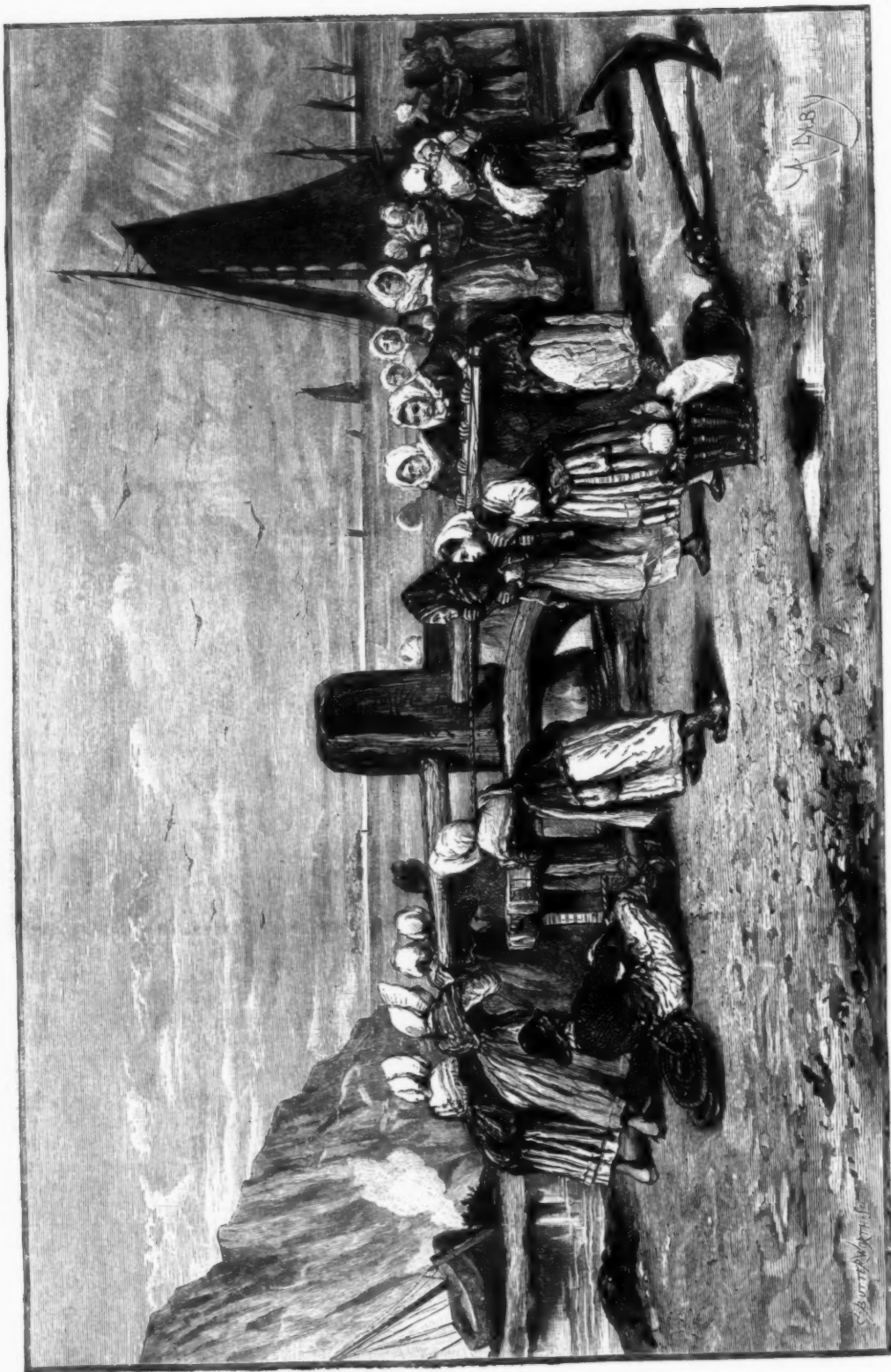
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ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

DICK'S DIAMONDS.

BY SYBIL MAXWELL.



"THAT'S JACK LITTLEJOHN, LADIES ALL."

"DICK," cried Mrs. Penhorwood to her handsome son, "just go and prim yourself, and when you're primmed (*Anglicè*, tidied) just heave they long lazy legs of yours into the boat, and put her across to Instow. May so be you'll find passengers by the down train to ferry back along. You've had poor luck to the salmon fishing lately, and 'tis time you did something to fill——"

But Dick had by this time got out of earshot, and was arranging a rose in his cap—a small round blue one, which he proceeded to set jauntily on the back of his close-clipped bronze curls.

"He du look well in that jersey. I knit it myself, same time as poor Joe's mother did his—Oh dear! what holes the crabs had eat in it when they found the poor Joe drowned dead under his boat. And there's Dick's looking like new. It matches the eyes of un proper, it du, and I heard a lady say 'twas the colour of gentian flowers. But there ain't a handsomer mariner to Appledore than gentleman Dick—'Sea Dandy,' my lady called un—and says I to she, 'tis home made and sea

made, the butay of Dick, not tailor made, like some of they swell golfers. I'd leifer luke to a sea-shell than a land-snail any day."

Dick meanwhile had put across.

No ferrymen are allowed to tout for passengers on Instow platform, so Dick contented himself with lounging against the station wall and hailing passing acquaintances until the train came in. Then he was on the alert, and, pushing in as close alongside as he could, he managed to attract the attention of three girls in sailor hats, striped and befrilled shirts, and high-heeled shoes, who were looking anxiously round for their luggage.

He soon managed to make them understand he had a boat waiting, and so succeeded in securing three fares.

Delighted with his luck, he quickly led them to the *Pretty Jane*, stowed away their luggage, seated them in the stern, whistled to his terrier Bounce, whom he introduced as a lamb to ladies but a lion to rats.

Then, having exchanged ironical greetings with the licensed Charon, whose dog instantly started a barking match with Bounce, he set sail. When about halfway across the river, he ascertained that



DICK LOUNGES AGAINST THE STATION WALL.

his "fares" were looking for genteel apartments at a moderate rent, and ventured to recommend his mother's.

The suggestion pleased the strangers, as it bid fair to save them the trouble of lodging hunting on a strange scent.

Mrs. Penhorwood stood on the quay wearing her "second-best" gown of purple alpaca, for it was a holiday. She was an extremely tall woman, with a finely proportioned figure, keen grey eyes, low forehead, a shrewd and somewhat Scotch cast of features, most unlike the usual North Devon type. Dick was said to "favour" her in figure, but to "feature" his great grandmother.

Mrs. Pen's keen eyes appraised Dick's passengers as they approached, and she instantly divined his purpose in bring them home.

"They young ladies be not, so to speak, old gentry," she concluded, and consequently put a reasonable price on her old-fashioned, but clean and well-furnished, spare rooms.

"Old gentry" would have been charged double for every pinch of salt. "If folks sets up for being other folks' betters, why they must pay for it," was her favourite axiom, on the strength of which she charged her one titled customer twopence a pound

extra for fish, and thought her ladyship frightfully mean for objecting to the tax.

The pale newcomers were as clay in the hands of the potter to this managing dame; all preliminaries were quickly settled, and Mrs. Penhorwood requested Miss Smith and her friends to come and make the acquaintance of her "company" in the kitchen. They were young ladies from a hairdresser's shop in Regent Street enjoying their August holiday, since during that month sea water is the most popular hair-wash, and the girls' services were superfluous in empty Vanity Fair.

Mrs. Penhorwood proudly described her visitors as ladies from London, and proceeded to introduce the company to them as follows:

"See they shy young men in the corner?"

"Them's my daughters' sweethearts. Shy, sure enough! but *Christian* young main, or I widden have 'em about, and (ferociously) that they very well know!"

Blushing hotly, those "Christian young men" shook hands with the ladies from London, nervously curling their clean toes round the bars of their chairs, as they reseated themselves, and trying hard to look as if they had no feet.

Dick rejoiced that he was booted, though, like many natives of Appledore, he found shoes and stockings as tiresome as gloves.



MRS. PENHORWOOD.

"My sister-law, as is to be," continued Mrs. Pen.

"Why, noo, mother, you should say the lady as my brother is engaged to," corrected Tilly Penhorwood, who had been to a board school and "talked proud"—that is, not Devonshire.

"The kits teaches the cats nowadays! Don't you set up for to preach to your mother, Tilda."

The sweethearts looked troubled, anticipating "the stick" for Tilly. Shy, sure enough, they all were of Mrs. Pen, but anxious for fair weather, that they might do honour to the ladies from London, who, on their part, were critically inspecting the company.

Lithe, graceful young fellows were these Torridge mariners. Every one as fastidious as Dick about the shade of his jersey, the freshness of the flowers in his cap, and the sheen of his gold earrings and silver finger-rings.

Dick took up the position of master of the ceremonies—he thought "Christian young men" rather too general an introduction for his mates.

"That's Jack Littlejohn, ladies all, and this is Jim Hookway, and this here's Charlie Fishwick—he plays the banjo proper!—and Jack and Jim are getting on with their mats, against they're married."

Jack and Jim here proudly displayed two small but beautiful Turkey carpets. They were making them stitch by stitch, in loops of double Berlin wool, over a small stick. The foundation was canvas, from the sail-yard. At the end of each row, they drew out the stick and cut the loops.

The designs were original, and very beautiful; it seemed as if the sailors had worked their very hearts into this quaint tapestry, that they might lay it at their brides' feet.

The quietest of the London girls, glancing at the men's lovely work, then at their storm-beaten faces, and lastly at their little smacks lying off the quay, began to think of the twelve fishers of Galilee.

While they were working, some pretty barefooted children and two or three pigeons flitted in and out of the kitchen, in the odd, silent, friendly fashion of Appledore, and at last a little girl, fixing her round eyes full on Miss Smith, said shrilly:

"Don't you go a taking my Dickey for your sweetheart. He's to bide for me, till I be growed up, and he needent to make me no mat, for he's got a ring with di-monds in it. The Queen wearth dimonds—"

"So shall you if you wait long enough," laughed Dick.

"I love 'ee dearly, Dick, I du!" quoth the aspirant, who was nearly six. "When be ee going to Barnstaple again to bring me some fairings?"

Then she climbed on the back of his chair, offered him her favourite pigeon to kiss, and trotted off.

"Tis a curyus ring," said Mrs. Pen. "Mymaister's grandmother, you see, was a real lady. But there! What *is* a lady?" And she glowered so fiercely at her "company" that nobody hazarded an answer; so she took up her parable again.

"Us was a discussin' of the subjec' yesterday. And us all comed to the conclusion—"

"Concloosion," corrected Tilly.

"Take that! for interruption," said her mother, boxing her ears—"us comed to the conclusion *that there ain't no such things!* So now, Miss Matilda! A woman's a woman, that's just about what she is! Fam'ly indeed—don't talk to me about fam'ly."

Nobody was talking about anything. However, she suddenly veered round—

"Dick, as 'tis Bank Holiday, you might just pull out your ancient old ring, and show it to the young ladies. Di'monds is di'monds, hafter all."

"Smacks isn't yachts. So, may be, ladies is ladies beyond women," ventured Dick, producing an oilskin bag, sown up at the sides with sail stitches; it was tied round with tarred string, and smelt of tobacco. From it he pulled out a huge silver watch, then a ring, which still exists. It was large enough to fit a lady's thumb. The inside was gold—rounded so as to set it off from the hand.

Six rose diamonds, set in silver claws, relieved a band of black enamel bearing the legend: "In



"IT MUST HAVE BELONGED TO A VERY FINE WOMAN."

affectionate memory of Barbara Hutchinson, obit Jan. 1, 1743."

As the ring was passed from hand to hand, Miss Smith remarked, "It must have belonged to a *very* fine Woman. Why, it slips easily off my middle finger."

It fitted Mrs. Pen's third finger tightly, so she snapped indignantly, "I bain't made of lathe and plaster, like folks from London."

"Aisy, Missis," quoth Dick, blushing for her, as he put the ring back in its bag.

"May be, ladies, you will care more for books than such old kickshaws," and, to change the subject, he passed them a large copy of Moore's "Loves of the Angels."

Captain Penhorwood, who all this while had sat like a dummy in the chimney corner, suddenly

became interested in contemporary life. Taking his pipe out of his mouth, he pointed it in the direction of the volume, and said, in a voice like a corncrake :

"Now, what might you make of he?"

"Do ee tell us, now; us have all had a try, but blessed if us can make head nor tail of un," chorussed Dick and the sweethearts.

"Yes, what might you ladies from London make of un?" reiterated the old Captain. (N.B.—There is, I fancy, nobody over thirty of lower rank than Captain in blissful Appledore.)

The book had for years troubled him, as, with a sense of fog in his brain, he thought he was in duty bound to get "good for his soul" out of it, if he were only clever enough.

The young ladies nudged Miss Smith, who turned over the leaves in a preoccupied manner, so as to gain time for deliberation. After mature consideration, she spoke as follows :

"Hem! ha! I should say—um—don't you know—that it was poetical license."

"Lisaince! Lisaince! Ah ees, my dear, you've a got it sure enough. Lisaince 'tis, fu' sure. Dear heart, to think that I should never have thought upon that all these years! Lisaince, so 'tis! fay-a-a-a—"

"Lisaince! It's so, for sartin," echoed the sweet hearts.

Now this adulation of a lathe-and-plaster idol vexed the soul of Mrs. Pen, and she cut in sharply :

"Mind what you'm doin' of, Dick! You know I keeps my writin' paper in the 'Loves of the Angels.' Don't go a turning over the leaves that fashion! These here young ladies have got so much learning as Missy to the vicarage, *pretty near!*"

Letty Smith tied a knot in her handkerchief, as a reminder that she "owed one" to Mrs. Pen.

"You always was partial to the book learning, Dick," quoth Jim audaciously. "Missy, here is the sort of sweetheart for you."

"Shut up with your Appledore manners," cried Dick, noticing that Letty blushed (chiefly with rage at Mrs. Pen's "pretty near"). "You will please to exkeuse our ways, Miss! Appledore is the last place ever was made! The young men don't mean to take liberties, but us be always laughing, if so be we're not singing or drowning, down here."

"Yes, please fer to
Exkeuse us. 'Tis only our way,"

echoed the chorus.

Mrs. Pen fumed silently that Appledore "ways" should be even supposed to want "exkeusing," when a Christian young man ventured mildly :

"Talking about books, maybe you've a read 'Westward Ho!' ma'am?"

"That I haven't, Jim Hookway, and what's more, I ain't a going to! That there book's took and spoilt the Pebble Ridge, and set a pack of fules buildin' a pack o' houses that be mostly rotten before they'm ripe."

The Captain pulled out his pipe in strong protest.

"Zober now, zober now, Missis. I mind the young Charles Kingsley, and a dear soul he was. Never zay there idn't no gude in his books. Tho', to be sure, us needent to read un. Then think

upon the Kingsley hotels, my dear, and the Kingsley homlibus from here to the Westward Ho! All along of he. Dick, Sonny! You take the young ladies to the Westward Ho to-morrow for a little *laxeration* (relaxation)."

Having thus delivered himself simultaneously of an unusually long word and speech, the old sailor knocked the ashes out of his pipe and stumped upstairs to bed.

Miss Smith and her friends followed his example, but woke up terrified at two o'clock in the morning.

At that unearthly hour they were disturbed by a sound of singing, of sea boots clumping over the stones, and by a curious rushing, rustling noise in the air for which they could by no means account. In point of fact, the fishermen were "shying" their oil coats at each other's heads, "for to rowse the town, and let un know a boat be come in," for two o'clock was high tide over the Bar.

The unfortunate girls were doomed not to rest, for at five o'clock the Dockyard woke up, and the place rang with the old-fashioned poetical cadences of hand labour—wooden mallets ringing on the ships' sides, like thousands of woodpeckers tapping.

In sheer desperation the victims rose early, and looked out on the quay. This is what they saw. A tall, queenly girl in a pink cotton, stiff and clean, sticking off from her bare feet and ankles. As she



APPLEDORE KITTIV.

strolled along, she knitted and chatted with women in their doorways. A loose end of wool dragged down the street after her, a kitten after that in frantic chase.

Appledore Kitty, as the girl was called, had a bunch of white daisies pinned at her throat; the neighbours were smiling, and asking her if "the flowers was for to catch a sweetheart."

Meantime, Dick crept softly behind her and made a snatch at them, crying, "Be they for me, my pretty?" All his reward was a quick box on the ears, at which he laughed, and Kitty strolled on knitting. She had known him all her life, and knew not the Pecksniffs.

Miss Smith said concisely:

"Very low life. It might be worth while to teach the young man better manners."

An excellent opportunity was afforded that very afternoon. Dick, after a tremendous "primming," "dapped"—i.e. tapped—at their door and asked: "Did they delight to go a cruising?"

All three stared blankly at him, wondering what he meant; so he explained. "It was high tide; would they like to go out in his boat?" "They should not mind," was the gracious response. So that afternoon Dick put off with his fair load from the quay under a fire of critical eyes, and a cloud of chaff couched in Devonshire that was as Greek to his passengers.

Only Kitty, knitting as usual in her doorway, dropped a stitch, and most unfairly shook her kitten for it, as they passed. Then she kissed it, because "it didn't go a cruising with foreigners, and forget old friends." Excellent kitten.

Dick was in ecstasies when Letty praised the banks of Torridge, and compared Bideford Bridge favourably with the structures crossing the mighty Thames. In the joy of his heart he put the *Pretty Jane* close to the wind, not noticing that Miss Smith and her friends the while held on surreptitiously to their seats in speechless agony.

"See now!" he remarked contentedly; "you can do anything with her in such a wind as this. Make her speak almost."

Anon the breeze fell and he tacked again, remarking to the boat of his heart, "Come, come, old lady, you're a long time in stays."

"We are not used to such language," expostulated Letty Smith. Dick laughed. "When a man loves his boat he talks nonsense to her, like he will to his sweetheart."

Letty giggled.

Dick had been falling in love with her the whole afternoon, and made this artful suggestion:

"Now, wouldnt you like, ladies all, to go ashore at Boat Hide?"

"That's where King Alfred hid under a boat from the Danes. Us might walk tu and tu to Snuffy Corner, and pick ferns."

Then he launched out descriptively:

"The ferry woman who goes to Bideford always stops her boat to Snuffy Corner, for a pinch of snuff. It last either way, fore or back. The distance being aqual."

"Is that English history?" asked Letty satirically, as he lifted her ashore.

"Yes, if you please. Her name's Sally King—I could carry you for miles; you be so light——"

"Put me down, please."

So he settled his "oil cut" on a rock, and

Letty graciously sat on it. The friends went fern hunting.

"How do you like us old-fashioned folk to Appledore?"

"Oh, very much, I'm sure."

Dick felt mightily encouraged, and plunged deeply:

"Could you fancy a sailor for a sweetheart, now?"

"We never talk about sweethearts in London."

"Bless me! Now, what might you be pleased to call them in those parts?"

Dick did not inquire sceptically, but in the tone of a man anxious to arrive at the right word.

"We speak, occasionally, of gentlemen."

Dick sighed—the word was not for him—and remained lounging at her feet with an unconscious grace that was not without its effect on her.

"You are trim and pretty, and your shoes is so-fash'nable, you me like a picture—and I'm only a plain sort of chap, you see."

Letty, as she surveyed him from her eminence, began to have an inkling that he too was like a picture, but from an older and simpler world than she inhabited.

"Indeed, I think you very picturesque," she said graciously.

"Then doee be my sweetheart," cried Dick, trying to put his "ancient old ring" on her finger.

She twisted it round critically, remarking—

"What a queer, old-fashioned thing."

"Like it's master, maybe," he responded moodily. "Is that all that's amiss with it?"

She did not answer, but continued moving the ring about, in the sharpest spot of sunlight that danced on the shingle, and said, "I should exchange it." This Brummagem young woman had seen brilliants, real and sham, glittering in Regent Street. Rose diamonds no more appealed to her fancy than quiet beauty of character.

"Is old-fashion all that's amiss with the ring?" reiterated Dick impatiently.

"Yes. I would not care to wear anything old-fashioned any more than I would walk down Regent Street with you, dressed as you are now."

Poor Dick had put on his snowiest ducks, and his bluest jersey, to take her "a cruising." He had even endured thick knitted stockings and lace-up boots for hours, to do her honour.

The speech was a cruel blow.

"Twould du for Bideford Quay, but that means me and my ring isn't good enough for you. It belonged to a *real* lady, though."

He had not any intention of being satirical, but his chance shot wounded her very heart's core. So she answered sharply:

"It looks as if you had bought it at a pawnbroker's. I have an engaged friend who wears a gold hoop with brilliants in it."

"An engaged friend, and you would like brilliants? There's a 'merican bound ship in the port, and the tug a coming soon. Why, I might go foreign and bring ee a ring the dapse of hers. Will ee have me if I du?"

"Oh, Mr. Penhorwood, what nonsense you talk! How could I let you go a long voyage for me when I have only known you such a short time?"

Then Dick longed to pick up the doll he mistook for an angel, and say, "Do ee give me a kiss, then, and your golden heart along with it," but it might not have seemed respectful. So he resolved instead to paint a gold heart on his boat, this being an approved fashion in Appledore, and merely said:

"You be so pretty as paint, and your shoes is so fash'nable. I never seed the like!" He did venture very respectfully to measure the height of her heels with his pocket-handkerchief, remarking, "T'es a miracle you can walk in they!"

Then he sighed heavily. "I've money in tu bank, but mother wouldn't hear of my drawing it out for a new ring, I fear." Imperceptibly, Letty's heart beat with a touch of interest.

"Money in the bank? I should like to be rich," she sighed, "and to ride in a carriage."

"Well, my boat goes smoother than any trap," cried he, perfectly radiant.

Dick was so preoccupied on the way home, wondering how he should manage his mother or earn more money, that he ran foul of a ship's hawser between Chanters Folly and the head of Appledore Quay.

Kitty saw it from her doorway, and concluded he was "surely mazed."

Mrs. Penhorwood was in a bad temper that evening. She had been to a week-night meeting to "hear the gospel," and came back after a "sweet time" expecting to find supper, but there was none.

"Tilda Penhorwood!" she cried to her delinquent daughter, "I can't give you the stick after meeting, but come down to-morrow for it in your thin Garibaldy."

Just at this moment Dick entered, and said desperately:

"Mother, I want five pounds from the bank."

"Then you may want on, Richard, for 'tis all entered in my name. If you'm a born fule, your mother bain't."

Dick turned tail and went out on the quay, rubbing his curls disconsolately.

Tilda seized a dried codfish, and took it to bed with her.

Mrs. Pen, *victrix*, soliloquised:

"Poor chap! He's hard hit to leave his cuckoo (*Angliè*, cocoa). Drat these here London maids—la-a-a-a-dies indeed!"

Tilly took her "hiding" with wonderful nerve in the morning. "I could bear the thud of the cane into her flesh, but her never squeaked before they Londoners," said her mother proudly. "Why, where's my dried cod? That noxus twoad of a cat must have got it again. Puse, puse! come here a pretty dear! I'll wring the neck of ee, that I will!"

Tilly meantime had untied the cod, which had been fastened as a shield across her shoulders, and given it to Dick to throw over the quay. He carried out her behest, and without a word to anyone put across to Instow.

Jack Littlejohn, Jim Hookway, and Charlie Fishwick, watching on the bank, were deeply offended by this proceeding.

"Twadn't neighbourly of Dick to be so close."

There was a bran-new policeman on the quay listening to them, and he threw in a question or two with studied carelessness.

"Had Dick seemed happy in his mind of late?"

Well—no—now they came to think of it they'd heard that he'd left his cuckoo the night afore. That morning he'd been seen to throw something into the sea mysterious like.

At this point the constable became keenly interested, and thought it necessary to gaze across the river as if his whole soul were absorbed in admiration of Instow Pier, which was none too perceptible; and this emotion was so overwhelming in its intensity that it left him incapable of bestowing much attention on the mariners' conversation.

He made as though he heard it, but he heeded not.

Presently he strolled away up the quay, and fixed the same admiring gaze on the Penhorwood's garden, which contained several cannon, and two cast-iron lions rampant, arranged, instead of creepers, on each side of the porch.

It is impossible to describe the satisfaction which beamed in his aspect as he contemplated these perennials—no mere flower-show could have given him such pleasure!

Yet even as he gazed he was calculating how long it would take him to walk into Bideford, start thence by train, and get on Dick's track, without a soul in Appledore being able to observe his movements.

Having carried out these difficult manœuvres with perfect success, and ascertained that Dick had taken a ticket to Queen Street, Exeter, he traced him from that station to a small temperance inn whose windows bore in gold letters these legends:

"NO SWEARING."

"WELL-AIRED BEDS."

Thither did Dick resort, from an idea that Letty would think it genteel. Poor fellow! he little suspected that an eye was upon him—merely an eye; its owner had no wish to scare him, interfere with his movements, or prevent his breaking any law he might wish to contravene.

That eye watched him into a pawnbroker's shop and out again, next to a jeweller's, then to the circus.

Finally to bed, at the hostelry of English undefiled.

The policeman watched Dick into the North Devon train next morning, and then went to the Exeter pawnbroker's and minutely inspected the articles pledged. He carefully copied the inscription on the ring, and, congratulating himself on his knowledge of the peerage, made his way to F—Castle, about ten miles from Appledore, for it bore the name of a peer's ancestress.

"Evidently I am on the track of burglars," he thought complacently.

Lord F— was at home, so Constable A. entered on his business at once.

"Would his lordship be kind enough to say if he possessed a ring containing rose diamonds and an inscription on black enamel to the memory of Barbara Hutchinson? If so, was it in its usual place?"

My lord believed it was at that moment in a table-drawer in his dressing-room. He went upstairs to look, but returned with rather a troubled countenance.

The ring was not there, but it was possible that Lady F——, who was away, might be wearing it.

No, the drawer was never locked; he had perfect confidence in the honesty of his servants.

So the constable looked mysterious and retired, promising to report his movements shortly.

Little did Dick guess the tragedy that had been enacted on the quay during his absence. Jack Littlejohn, offended at Dick's "closeness" in going away without saying why or whither, ventured to surmise aloud that "maybe he warn't after no good." Jim Hookway took up an oar in his friend's defence, and knocked the speaker flat on his back with it.

Jack, who had been sewing a sail, arose with his big needle to his hand, and, making furiously for Jim, stabbed him again and again.

Then out came the Miss Hookways to rescue the wounded man and pour whisky down his throat, and he imbibed such an astonishing quantity that the young ladies said:

"Poor dear soul of un, that brute Jack had a pierced him so full of holes that the whisky rinned out of them so fast as ever they poured it down his throat."

So there was feud between men who had been singing to the same banjo only a short day before.

Dick was much distressed to hear the consequences of his unneighbourly reticence.

Still, he told no man where he had been, but, giving Letty a gold and brilliant ring, begged her to wear it for his sake.

She graciously hung it round her neck, "for fear it should attract too much attention in Appledore."

Away to the salmon fishing in Mid Torridge! Miss Smith and her friends, screwing up their petticoats to avoid the wet net on the stern of Dick's boat, were just across to the sand spit and seated on a pile of "oil cuts."

Dick and his mates paying out their nets in ever widening circles, hauling them in cork by cork—and singing for lightness of heart. First an original ditty—

"This world's as full of beauty
As other worlds above,
And if we did our duty
T' would be as full of love!"

then "Sister, does your anchor hold?" for the benefit of these visitors' souls.

Next a comic song—luckily, perhaps, incomprehensible.

The girls' black skirts were the only blot on a scene of exquisite colour.

White gulls seemed to evolve themselves out of

the haze over Braunton Town, and glinted mewing into the sunshine.

All the atmosphere to seaward was one clear sapphire blue.

The long sand bars inside the cerulean waters shone now white, now shell pink, now rose, now golden, as the hazy cloud to shoreward broke, shifted, and transmuted the hues of the tidal way between the bars from sharpest silver to velvety purple. Ah the clearness and delicious salt fragrance of the air 'twixt Taw and Torridge Rivers—it seemed to give a sharper ring to the very notes of the skylark.

Looking up, one of the fishers saw a boat making for the sands.

"Her carrieth her crew well, that gig du—a perty boat, all thirty feet by thirty fower, shude say."

A woman's shriek followed the craft from the shore.

"Oh, my Charlie! he bin and put on his Sunday best stockings, and tored the toes out of un, all for to row the pleaceman."

Sure enough, several barefooted gamins, and one who had worked his toes out of his Sunday stockings that he might spread them out comfortably at each stroke of the oar, were with leisurely pulls propelling the policeman towards the sand spit.

"Who's a going to the lock up, hey?"

No one answered the crucial question. It settled itself when the gig put in, and the policeman, marching up to Dick, said with unconscious irony, "You'll be pleased to come along with me."

The mariners grew excited. "Say the word, Dick, and us'll heave the bobby into pule (pool). What have 'ee been up to? Poaching, old man?"

"This gentleman is wanted to prove how he came into possession of a diamond ring which he pawned in Exeter," replied the dauntless constable, expecting to produce a sensation, wherein he failed miserably.

"Why, everybody knows Dick's dimonds 'cept the bobby; they've been in his fam'ly time out of mind!" cried Fishwick.

"Well, Dick, you might have asked us for the lent of some money in reason," said Hookway, with a sense of personal injury.

"Anyhow, a man may do as he wills with his own!" quoth Littlejohn.

Dick said nothing, but he looked at Letty Smith, expecting a word from her that should explain the situation and cover him with honour, instead of disgrace, for no Appledore man thought aught too precious for a sweetheart.

Dick looked in vain, his heart giving great thuds of disappointment. Letty sat still as a barber's block. She thought it would be vulgar to get her name mixed up with pawnbrokers and policemen.

So, with one sharp sigh, Dick turned from her and stepped into the gig, remarking to his captor:

"If you'd thought to bring some mates instead of a pack o' boys us might have had some fun, but how can us fight 'ee fair when us be ten tu wan?"

By the time the gig was halfway across, a crowd of spectators had gathered on the quay, staring, and wondering to see Dandy Dick in custody.

When he landed the excitement was intense, but

the form it might take remained for a few minutes uncertain.

Suddenly a girl in a pink dress, with a black kitten on her shoulder, emerged from the crowd with noiseless footsteps, glided up to the prisoner, and placed a white rose in his hand.

Then she threaded her way back among the throng, singing in a full, clear voice a favourite Appledore hymn, "Trust the Saviour, never fear! never fear!"

"Dear heart of her!" cried the women, as they one and all took up the strain.

The fishers far away on the tapering sand spits caught the melody, and sent it ringing sweetly back over the sweeping tide.

The hymn ended, all the fisherboys present slanged and swore at the constable till the women cried "fie!" and stopped their cars. Both outbreaks were equally characteristic of the place, odd as they may sound to outsiders.

As for Dick, a mist seemed to have been suddenly brushed from his eyes, his thoughts travelled at lightning speed. In an instant it flashed upon him that sweet Kitty and her rose were worth all the diamonds squandered on false hearts since the world began. Ay, and all the false hearts to boot. A sweetheart who could see him led to prison without a word to save him, he would cast away without regret, as one would a stinging fish.

Farewell, Miss Smith! How could he have been so beguiled as to mistake pinchbeck for gold? Ah, false, paltering Letty! Oh, sweet, loyal Kitty!

Just then the Instow ferry-boat came in. A gentleman landed from it, golf-club in hand, on the East Appledore quay, and walked towards the crowd assembled at the corner where East and West Appledore meet.

Almost at the same instant the young ladies from London were put ashore from the sands, and made their way towards the same spot from the opposite direction.

Letty Smith, pressing forward, found herself side by side with Appledore Kitty. The two exchanged hostile glances, but neither moved nor spoke.

Indeed, the first person to break the silence that succeeded the sudden outburst of forcible English just alluded to was the Honourable George F——.

"Constable," he remarked, touching that worthy lightly on the shoulder with his golf-club, "you were on the wrong scent about my father's ring. The reason he could not find it in its usual place was that Lady F—— had put it on her curiosity table in the drawing-room. Why, Dick! You in custody! Have you been poaching?"

"No, sir, I can net salmon enough without foul play, though 'tis the second time I have been asked that same question, for why I know not. Bobby here be against me for owning of a ring as was the dapse of your ancient old grandmother's."

So the stormy scene ended, the mystery was cleared up, the supposed culprit released.

Dick gave himself a mighty shake when he felt once more a free man. He walked straight up to Kitty, and offered her his arm.

"Look to her now!" said a woman, with a quick glance from Letty to Kitty. "Why, 'tis Devonshire cream to margarine."

"Ah!" quoth Mrs. Penhorwood, as the true sweethearts came within range of her kitchen windows, "that's how I always hoped 'twould be. The old shears will cut again."

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Dick's story is not altogether imaginary, but Letty is an entirely fictitious character. A London girl would have, one imagines, more sense—and sand shoes.



AMONG THE YACHTSMEN.

YACHTING is the rich man's pastime and the poor man's envy—that is, within the circle of those who are of yachty mind. The amateur sailor may be laughed at by the professional, but he is a happy man engaged in a healthy amusement, and the smaller the boat the happier he is, as experience afterwards teaches him. But contentment never came yet to a man in a small boat, for he always wants a larger one; and when in his humble half-rater he is making short tacks off, say, Lee on the Solent, to keep out of the way of the bevy of rival beauties leaping along under such a spread of muslin that it is almost unintelligible how they can carry it, he may be pardoned for wishing to own one of them, and he simply cannot help being interested in their private histories. That interest is shared in by many who do not spend their holidays on the water; for yachting is now much before the world, owing to the races for the international cups, the invasion of American yachts, the close contests of "the coronetted twenties,"

and the victories of the Prince of Wales in the best big cutter of the day.

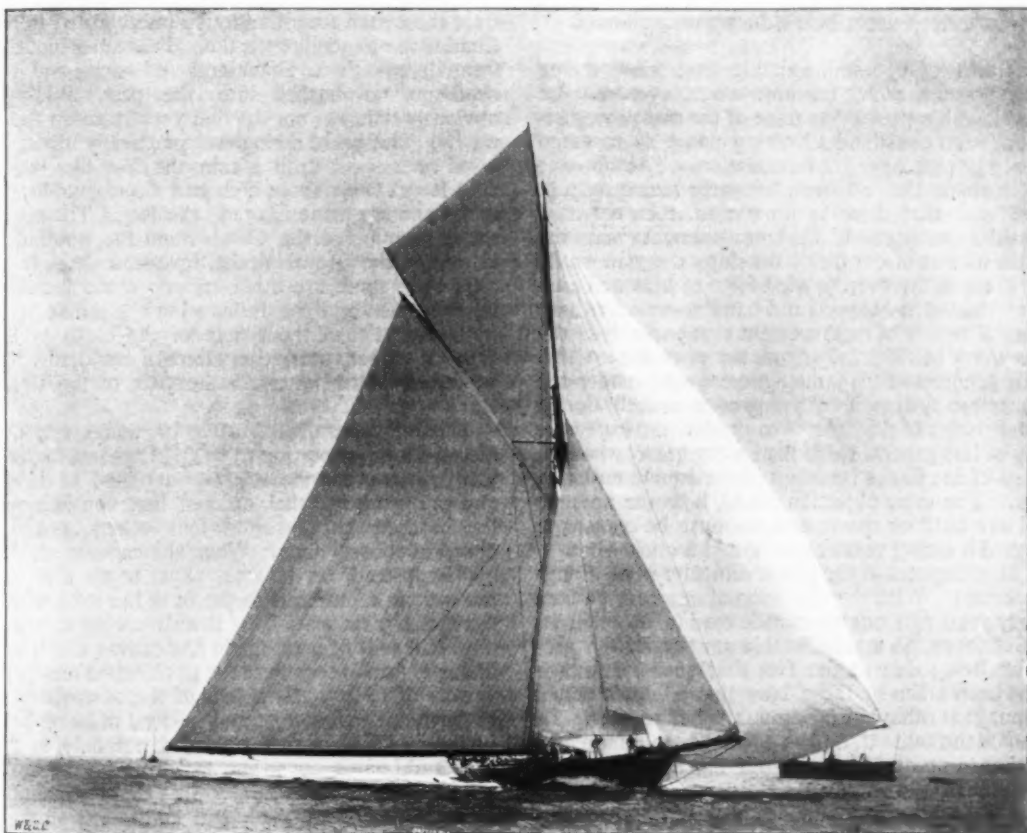
The *Britannia* is the leader of our pleasure fleet; she is the first of the three thousand and more, precedence being hers not only by right of her flag but of her performances. What manner of craft is she? She is 121½ feet over all, but only 87·73 feet on the water-line; she has a breadth of 23½ feet and a draught of 15 feet; her sail-area is 10,395 square feet; and on the system of measurement now adopted by the Yacht Racing Association—that of length on the water-line multiplied by the sail-area and divided by 6,000—she is of 151·99 tons rating. Her underwater profile is not particularly graceful, and she has the fashionable mussel-shell or shovel bow first introduced by the Herreshoffs in their *Gloriana*, which is really the canoe bow, as many of our modern racing yachts are practically of canoe shape with a fin below as a steadier. She is not the first yacht owned by the

Prince. In 1865 he owned the *Dagmar*, a 36-tonner; in 1871 he owned the *Alexandra*, a 40; and next year he became the owner of another 40, the *Princess*. In 1877 he became possessed of the schooner *Hildegard*, and three years afterwards purchased the good-looking cutter *Formosa*; in 1882 he secured the graceful *Aline*, the type of modern schooners, and, with the old *Egeria* and the more modern *Cetonia* and *Miranda*, one of the best of her rig, although the days of schooner racing seem to be over.

The *Britannia* is undoubtedly the best of the seven, and during the two years she has been afloat she has had a long run of success. She is not

the tips of a sovereign to each man when she wins and half a sovereign when she loses, and the 5 per cent. of the value of the prize to the skipper, besides the replacement of spars and gear—the *Britannia* had three new masts last year—costs almost as much as a grouse moor. Of course her cabins are beautifully fitted, although the upholstery is not of the gorgeous kind; for to keep the weights low, the decorations above the dado are merely tapestries and cretonnes, while the polished woods beneath are yellow pine and mahogany.

The lower a yacht carries her weights, the more sail she can bear; hence it is not unusual for a boat on a big race day to be cleared, much as a warship is



THE BRITANNIA.

By permission of Messrs. West & Son, Southsea.

our largest racing yacht, that distinction being claimed by *Satanita*, which is 131 feet—that is, almost two cricket-pitches—over all, with water-line length of 97.35 feet, a sail-spread of 1056.2 square feet, and a rating of 170.62 tons. There is not much to choose between the *Britannia* and her sister ship the *Valkyrie*, which is rather smaller. The two boats were designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and built side by side at Partick on the Clyde, the Prince's being a little bigger than the Earl's, as was only proper. It is reported that she cost over £12,000 to start with, and takes £1,500 a year to keep her going in wages, gratuities, and other expenses; for the running of a big racer, with

cleared for action. When the *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant* met they were mere shells, and when the *Thistle* crossed the Atlantic to try conclusions with *Volunteer*, she had all her upholstery cleared out, and her only seating accommodation was a plain wooden bench round the side of the plainly painted saloon. Now she has changed her owners and her name a very different state of things exists below, and few would recognise the *Thistle* of the wooden bench in the German Emperor's elaborate *Meteor*.

Some racers are never fitted at all, the fashion in that respect having been set twenty years ago by the Marquis of Ailsa in his 40-tonner, *Blood-*

hound. Fittings would indeed be useless in small yachts, for no one would ever think of a comfortable cruise in even a modern twenty. They are mere racing machines, in which everything is sacrificed to speed. Below the water-line they have hardly anything but a coat of paint and a few spare sails. Above it they have as little freeboard as can be given them, so as to minimise their resistance to the wind; the bulwarks have been cut down to a mere rail; the skylights and companions are as flat as they can be; the dead-eyes of the standing rigging have long ago been replaced by screws; the ropes are of steel wherever possible, even the lifts and halliards are of flexible steel; and should there be a capstan, it is either of aluminium or gun-metal, so arranged as to be removable and stowable deep down below during racing hours.

It was of course inevitable that when racing began a mere racing machine would eventually be developed, especially as none of the many measurement rules contained a limiting clause as to cargo space or passenger accommodation. The absence of this clause has all along left yacht-racing open to the taunt that there is no use in it except as a healthy pastime. If the measurement were the same as that of our merchant ships, the gain would be great in discovering what form of hull and sail-plan yielded most speed and handiness; but to have special modes of measurement that end only in the discovery of the smallest amount of deck-area that can accommodate a racing crew, and, under the American system, a ballasting crew as well, during a few hours of daylight, is to produce an expensive toy of less general value than a racehorse, who is at least of use in the breeding of our equine rank and file. The same objection would, however, apply to all our outdoor sports, and we must be content to regard a racing yacht as we would a cricket-bat.

Measurement is the prime difficulty in all things maritime. With the alteration of our tonnage laws forty years ago our mercantile marine resumed its ascendancy, no inconsiderable amount of the progress being due to the fact that such advantage has been taken of these laws that a ship's actual tonnage is often twice as much as her register. In yachts the same thing has occurred, only more so, owing to no question of profit having to be considered in the problem. Space would fail us to enumerate the many modes that have been suggested, or even to mention all that have been adopted and reduced to absurdity by being built fully up to in extreme types.

The older rules—in which the factors were merely length and breadth—were really exploded by the lead keel first adopted from small model boats about 1834, and used on the *Wave* in that year. These rules said nothing about depth, and as depth with the ballast outside was as useful for stability as breadth of beam, boats became deeper and longer as the prejudice against the lead disappeared; and, length for length, they carried more sail. The way in which the length was measured also gave an opening to the ingenious, and produced the raking stern-post and the dog-legged stern-post and other devices, until some sort of a lasting standard was obtained in the Thames Rule, which even to-day

is that by which yachts are bought and hired—though anything but that under which they are raced. The measuring of the length on the water-line introduced in 1878, and the new rule of 1880—breadth multiplied by the square of the length and breadth together and divided by 1730—further encouraged the long deep narrow type, until mere “planks on edge” appeared on the scene; but the absurdity of the “lead mines,” and their expense, became at last unbearable, and in 1886 the present sail-area rule was introduced, which is now going the way of the rest amid the bulbs and fins and canoe-bottoms which have come to trouble it.

It is customary to date yacht racing in England from the match for a hundred guineas sailed in by Charles the Second over the old Thames course from Greenwich to Gravesend and back; and we need go no farther into the past, although obviously that was not the first yacht race on these waters. But yacht racing was practically unrecognised as a sport until within the last fifty years. The Royal Cork Yacht club had been established under another name in 1720; the Royal Thames is the descendant of the Cumberland Fleet, founded in 1775; the Royal Yacht Squadron dates from 1812; and there are other existing clubs founded between then and the fifties; but the public took no more notice of them than of the clubs in St. James's Street, until the *America* suddenly appeared in British waters in the year of the Great Exhibition.

The influence of the *America* was great, but rather out of proportion to her performances. She was built to beat the *Maria*, but failed to do so, and the syndicate that ordered her, consisting of the brothers Stevens and four others, got her cheap in consequence. When she came to anchor off Hempstead, on July 30, 1851, those who saw her were in raptures as to the fit of her sails, which were of a new material. British yachts in those days had sails of hand-made flax canvas which was about as firm in texture as the unbleached merchant canvas of to-day. The sails of the *America* were of machine-spun cotton, and, instead of being bent in the usual manner, were laced not only to the gaffs and booms but to the masts—even the head-sail was laced to a boom—so that they were almost as tight as a drumhead, and contrasted strongly with the loose-footed, free-and-easy canvas of the then fashionable type. In hull she was not unlike the newer racers of the time built on the lines advocated by Scott Russell; in fact, allowing for the clipper bow, she bore a close resemblance to the *Mosquito*, built in 1848 by the Thames Ironworks, after a design by Tom Waterman, who, it will be remembered, was the designer of that “mother of troopers,” the good old *Himalaya*, one of the honestest and most successful vessels ever launched. The *Mosquito*, like the *Tiara* and the *Menai*, was, however, an exceptional boat, a pioneer of the new era which practically opened with the *America*. The bulk of the fleet were big roomy vessels, roundish in the bow and barrel, and with a long clean run—“cod's-head and mackerel-tail” shape, as it is popularly called.

On the arrival of the *America* her managing owner, Commodore Stevens, published a challenge to sail any British yacht for £1,000, or even £10,000, "provided there was a six-knot breeze on the day of the race." The challenge remained unaccepted; it was considered then, as now, that special matches of this nature do no good to yachting, and that the only true test of a boat's form is her behaviour in a series of regattas in which she has to meet many different conditions of wind and sea. But as the Americans appeared to think that they were being treated discourteously, the Royal Yacht Squadron went out of their way to offer a cup of the value of £100 to be sailed for round the Isle of Wight, open to all comers without conditions or time allowances. This is the cup that it has pleased the Americans to call the Queen's cup, for some unknown reason, unless it be, as suggested, that the crown in its hall-mark has been assumed to be Her Majesty's private crest. In 1851, five Queen's cups were given, none of which resembled it. One was given to the Royal Yacht Squadron, one to the Royal St. George's Club, one to the Royal Thames, one to the Royal Victoria, and one to the Royal Southern, and they are all still in this country.

A very miscellaneous fleet crossed the starting line on that eventful Friday, August 22. There were fifteen of them, ranging from Mr. Ackers's big 393-ton barque *Brilliant*, through a collection of schooners and cutters down to Mr. Thomas's little 47-ton cutter *Aurora*, which few supposed was to be the legal winner of the race. The *America* was the biggest of the crowd, except three sea-going craft with broadside guns. According to the then system of measurement, she was, as stated in Hunt's "Yachting Magazine," a 200-ton vessel. Eight of the crowd were under a hundred tons, and of the whole fleet there were only five that could by any stretch of the imagination be classed as racers or had in fact won prizes. It was a curious race. The fleet went one way, the *America* another. "Round the Isle of Wight" in yacht-racing parlance means round the Nab, and then right away; and round the Nab went the Britishers. But the Yankee, to the amusement of the spectators and the dismay of the officials, took no notice of the distant lightship, but headed straight for the corner of the island, scraped over Bembridge Ledge, and thence took the short line to Culver Cliff. Off Bonchurch the long-voyagers began to close up, and *Freak* and *Volante* got to windward of her. Then a series of disasters occurred. *Arrow* grounded off Ventnor, and *Alarm* and some of the schooners went to her help and towed her off. Off St. Lawrence *Freak* fouled *Volante*, and thus four of the racers were knocked out of the match. Passing the Needles, the *America* was a long way in front, but coming up the Solent the wind dropped, and when Cowes was reached the *Aurora* was only eight minutes behind. The *Aurora* had sailed the course, which the *America* had not, and she promptly claimed the cup; but as the Squadron people had omitted to tell the Americans that they must round the Nab, they saw no other way out of the difficulty than to hand the prize to the first yacht in.

On the following Monday a race for one of the Queen's Cups was sailed; the *America* was invited to enter, but her owner declined to risk the reputation of his boat in a fickle breeze. Shortly afterwards he sailed a match with Robert Stephenson's *Titania* and won, and this brought him the customer he was in search of, in the person of Lord De Blaquiere, who bought the *America* for £4,000. Next year, under his lordship's flag, she beat Mr. Bartlett's *Sverige* and tried for the Queen's Cup, when she was beaten by both *Arrow* and *Mosquito*. She did not sail in another match until 1861, and then she was easily beaten by *Alarm*. In fact, she was in this country for more than ten years, and, so far from having "a long roll of victories," only won on three occasions. But she was a good boat, though not a lucky one; a beauty to look at and a beauty to go. "No foam, but rather a water jet, rose from her bows, and the greatest point of resistance seemed about the beam, or just forward of her mainmast, for the seas flashed off from her sides at that point every time she met them." There is a model of her in the Greenwich Naval Museum, and though the deck-plan is flat-ironish and ungraceful, the underwater lines are singularly pleasing and quite worthy of the pains that Steers took with them. After her defeat by *Alarm*, the *America* was sold to the Confederate States, and in 1862 she was found by the Northerners sunk in the St. John's River in Florida. She was raised, and used in the United States Government service for some years, and then she was sold out as being no longer fit, and was bought by General Butler and again turned into a yacht. In 1870 she was one of the starters in the match against the *Cambria* for her old cup, and she is still afloat.

The cup was presented to the New York Yacht Club in 1857, by Commodore Stevens, as an international challenge trophy, but any contest for it is subject to conditions that make its winning impossible except by a series of flukes. It was not, however, the Commodore's intention that it should leave America, but that it should be the means of improvement in American yachting. And there can be no doubt that it has been so during the last twenty years. Nothing, however, would have been heard of it had not the *Sappho*, a 300-ton schooner, crossed the Atlantic in 1868 and challenged "all British yachts" in the style of 1851. This time the challenge was accepted; the *Sappho*, like the rest, went round the Nab, but she never really had a chance, and was not in sight when the winner reached Cowes. Had the *Cambria* not won that race, the America Cup would have been left undisturbed; but Mr. Ashbury, her owner, was an enterprising man with a pardonably good opinion of his ship, and he sent the first challenge westward on the nothing-venture nothing-win principle. In the race, which took place on August 8, 1870, there were eighteen starters; on the outward journey the *Cambria* was fouled, and on her return she lost her foretopmast from the effects of the foul. The affair was so unsatisfactory that the conditions for future matches were altered, and the challenger was required to sail against only one yacht at a time,

but the yacht was not necessarily to be the same in each match—in fact, the challenger was to enter into a sort of tournament in which he had to beat the best heavy-weather boat on a heavy-weather day and the best light-weather boat on a light-weather day, and so on, so that practically his only chance consisted in a sudden change of weather during a race.

In 1871 Mr. Ashbury had a try with the *Livonia* under these conditions. As it turned out, she only met the *Columbia*, which she beat once and was beaten by twice. The contest led to a certain amount of ill-feeling, and for fourteen years the cup was left unnoticed. During that time American yachts remained much as they were, while on this side of the Atlantic improvements were taking place. The American typical yacht had gone farther and farther away from the form of the old *America* and become a mere skimming-dish, while the British-built boats were getting deeper and deeper. Only one boat was built on the American side on what is known as "the compromise model," with neither excessive beam nor depth, and this was the *Shadow*, produced by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff in 1872, with whose successes, ranging even up to now, the reputation of the Herreshoffs began. But though the *Shadow* might win, the example was lost on the Americans, who clung to the broad and shallow in spite of all that could be said.

In 1881, however, came the awakening. The capsizing of the *Mohawk* shook their faith in width as the only means of stability, and the coming of the *Madge* and the 20-ton *Clara* completely shattered their trust in mere shallowness as a factor in speed. The *Madge* was a Clyde 10-tonner taken out by Mr. Coats, which carried all before her. There was no question with her of a suitable boat for a suitable wind. In every weather she won. The *Clara* followed and emphasised the lesson.

Early in 1885 Sir Richard Sutton, the owner of one of the best of British cutters, thought that under these circumstances he had a chance of securing the America Cup, and was persuaded to challenge for it. The result was what might have been anticipated. The terms require that six months' notice should be given, together with particulars of the challenging yacht, in order that new boats may be built to defend the trophy. The *Puritan* was the best of the boats that were built. She was merely an improved *Shadow*, a compromise between beam and depth, quite unlike the typical American boats, and rigged in complete cutter style. Her sail-plan was the same as that of the *Genesta*, but on a larger scale; in her hull she was half as broad again, and this extra beam gave her the needful stability without so much lead on her keel, for her displacement was only 107 tons, against the *Genesta's* 141. Had the *Puritan* been measured as the British yachts then were, she would have been a 141-tonner, whereas the *Genesta* was an 80-tonner; thus the advantage gained by building the new boat after knowing the measurements of the old one were never more clearly shown; nor, it may be added, was the absurdity of having different systems of measurement, for if the *Genesta* had been built to suit the New York rule, she would have been so handicapped in her matches in home waters that

she could never have won a prize, whereas the fact of her dimensions being known enabled Mr. Burgess to design a boat under that rule to beat her, which, though of the same length, was more than half as large again.

Next year the *Galatea* challenged for the cup and was beaten by the *Mayflower*, as was generally expected, *Galatea* being a much inferior boat to *Genesta*, and *Mayflower* being an improved *Puritan*. Next year, the Jubilee year, the *Thistle* went out to be defeated by *Volunteer*. Then came a rest of six years, during which the approximations in the system of measurement and the consequent approximation in the types of the boats appeared to offer the chance of which the Earl of Dunraven availed himself to have his *Valkyrie* beaten by the *Vigilant*. It is difficult to see how it could be otherwise, for even if the boat were specially designed to suit the wind and water of the New York course, the defenders during the six months in which her form is known will build not one boat but many, in order to have a selection in which every possible improvement will be attempted and tested before the day of the race, when, even if the competitors were equal, the advantage must rest with the local boat and the local crew. There are naval architects on both sides of the Atlantic that can design a boat to beat a boat whose form is known. It is not as if the Americans build on one system and the British on another. The only system on which the Americans build in the cup contests is to beat the challenger. That is exactly what Commodore Stevens intended; and really his name should be honoured among all good yachtsmen, for with his *America* he was the instrument of clearing away the cod's-head and mackerel-tail, and with his deed of gift he has swept the mere skimming-dish off the water.

There is no reason why an American should not build as good a boat as we can, or even a better, without the stimulus of a cup challenge; for there is no monopoly of naval architecture on either side of the Atlantic. Just as we had a good time of it with the *Madge*, the *Clara*, and the *Minerva*, so the Americans are now doing well over here with the *Wee Winn*, the *Meneen*, and the *Dakotah*. It is really amusing to hear the outcry against the new Herreshoff 10-rater—so similar is it to that which greeted the *Madge* in America. We are told that she is a "mere racing machine, and like a birdcage inside," being strengthened by cross struts like so many scaffold poles jutting out, from her bilge to her deck, in the same way as the *Vigilant* was strengthened to enable her to cross the Atlantic. The *Dakotah* is certainly a big ten, for she is 51 feet over all, 35 feet on the water-line, and 9½ feet beam, her sail-area being 1,712 square feet; but it is difficult to see why her builder should be blamed for his success, or her owner for securing a good boat.

There can be no finality in yacht racing; boats must be built to beat boats as long as the measurement lasts, and when the utmost has been obtained out of one formula, we will start afresh under another, until, perhaps, we develop a racer we can live in, instead of riding on like so many jockeys.

W. J. GORDON.

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THE PEOPLES OF EUROPE.

HOW THEY LIVE, THINK, AND LABOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE," ETC.

RUSSIA.—I.



FLOUGHING ON THE STEPPES.

THE MIXTURE OF RACES.

THE Slav people have passed through some bitter moments in their historical evolution.

Turn by turn they have had to submit to the yoke of barbarians, to slavery, and finally to the burden of the most despotic monarchical government that exists in the world. The passing through of these different phases has endowed this people with a faculty of adapting themselves easily to circumstances and a suppleness of bending to the inevitable. They have seen and suffered too much to be amazed at anything that may occur. It is useless to deny that methods of government leave their mark upon a population, the same as peculiarities of climate and sky; and the government under which the Slav people have so long groaned has not failed to leave its impression.

Russia, whose soil differs considerably from that of the rest of Europe, with its immense alluvial plains, in which even a pebble is a rarity, with its government antiquated by several centuries, as compared to that of other European nations, with manners and customs directly opposed in many respects to those of the more civilised peoples of

the West, has this distinctive impression strongly. We find it even in the large towns; and among those which have this national *cachet* most markedly emphasised Moscow stands pre-eminent. This city is commonly compared to a huge village.¹ What most strikes the visitor is its extraordinary number of beautiful churches, whose architecture for the most part is more original than artistic. The Muscovites are the true Russians of the empire. It is they who cultivate and speak best the Russian language. After Moscow comes Odessa, which enjoys the reputation of being the most liberal city of the empire as well as the most beautiful after the capital. Kief is the holy city *par excellence*, where Slavs as well as strangers are taken to visit the churches and the mysterious caves stocked with relics of saints.² St. Petersburg recalls Dresden, Berlin, and other capitals. Here, owing no doubt to the neighbourhood of the German Baltic provinces, the German language is largely spoken by

¹ Moscow is situated in the region of Russia where stone is lacking entirely, and where formerly the forests were most dense; consequently it is a city built entirely of wood, which a mere spark could reduce to ashes.

² Kiev and Moscow are the two great conservative centres.

the population. The modern Russians adore their language, and are proud of its riches; the younger generation speaks it well and prefers it to all others. They also write it correctly. Formerly this was not the case, and in good society, French, and sometimes German, was the language always employed. Russian has but few dialects. There is only Little Russian, the Russian of White Russia, and an impure Russian, in which are mixed many Polish words, which is spoken in those provinces which touch on Poland.

The Russian is profoundly religious by nature. His temperament inclines him to belief; he is also excessively superstitious, but he is not eager to make converts. Religion in Russia is so closely bound up with politics, seeing that the Czar is the head of the church, that it is necessary to speak at once of the political ideas that predominate. The upper classes, with few exceptions—for there are a few among them who have advanced ideas—are persuaded that their country could not be governed by any other *régime* than that which actually exists—that is to say, the autocratic. Their hereditary cultus for the Emperor makes them regard him as they might a god, and, according to them, just as the earth would be unproductive without the fructifying rays of the sun, so Russia would be ruined if the day came when she should be withdrawn from the influence of the Czar. The aristocracy further believe, and not without reason, that the people would be miserable if the autocratic *régime* were suppressed, not so much because it is a *régime*, as for its personal prestige; and they always oppose themselves to the establishment of a constitution on the plea that the people are not civilised enough, are not ripe for such an innovation. Now the constitution is the dream, and the reasonable dream, of the majority of the people of the middle classes. The lower classes, it is true, are so little educated that it would be impossible for them to say what *régime* would be most favourable for their well-being; but nevertheless many of them also aspire to see this dream of a constitution put into practice, though they know neither the causes that hinder it from being realised nor those which would bring it about most quickly and surely.

Russia represents a mixture of European and Asiatic races. The Aryan Slavs occupy in compact masses the largest part of Russia. They represent the European element; whilst the Asiatic tribes, who have come from the East, are established and scattered more or less throughout the whole of the empire. In the north are found the Samogitians and the Lapps, and in the south the Tartars; on the east, at the mouth of the Volga, are distributed non-Slavonic peoples. Towards the north, too, are found a large number of Finns and Turco-Mongolians. Besides these, there are Letts and Germans. On the south of Esthonia extends the domain of another Aryan nationality, akin to the Slavs but distinct from them. These are the Lithuanians. The largest number of Tartars live in the Crimea. The Jews have established their com-

mercial colonies in all the chief cities, but the largest section live in those provinces which have been specially told off for their occupation. Still, taken as a whole, it is of Slavs that the Russian people is chiefly composed, and these may be roughly divided into three groups. The Russians of White Russia who inhabit the plains watered on the left by the Duna and the marshy banks of the Prito; the Little Russians, who occupy the Donetz in Russia, Galicia, and the sources of the Tisza in Hungary; and the Greater Russians or Muscovites, who people the other portions of the empire, and especially the centre. Another race near akin, and also Slav, are the Poles. The districts inhabited by the Poles are to be found between the Rivers Narv and Dniester. In Russia marriages between people of the same province are common, but Russians will also marry into another district. As a rule, however, there exists a pronounced preference for marriages contracted between people of the same province or the same district. Mothers with marriageable daughters always prefer that these should, if possible, contract an alliance with a neighbour, or at least with a compatriot and a co-religionist.

The bond which holds together this great nation is a fervent and sincere patriotism, based not so much on a desire of working for the good of their country as upon a profoundly rooted attachment to the soil, the Czar, and all that depends on him. There also exists another species of patriotism of a somewhat superficial character, and to which the Russians have given a nickname—a patriotism which has no other foundation than a love of country which is based upon the national meats and drinks which are particularly agreeable to their palate. Neither the aristocracy nor the Russian people feel the need to re-act against the lack of liberty, whether for the sake of individuals or for the sake of the masses. This inertia is no doubt due to inherent Slavonic indolence just as much as to a lack of civilisation which permits them to live tranquilly from day to day, contenting themselves as best may be, and supporting with resignation the actual state of things. It is only the middle classes who sometimes express their murmurs in action. The proverbial patience of the Slav people is described in a very touching manner in the poems of the native poet Nekrassov.

NO OVERCROWDING.

European Russia occupies all Eastern Europe between the parallels 38°, 55°, and 70° north latitude. Its extent is 8,644,120 square miles. Its length from north to south is 2,000 miles, its breadth over 1,500 miles. The population, including Asiatic Russia, is about 104,002,000 or 13 per square mile, figures which show that up to the present there is no serious crowding, even in the large towns. There is little emigration in Russia, excepting in the provinces of Poland and in White Russia, whence the inhabitants emigrate to America, and especially to Brazil. As a rule these changes of abode have not proved favourable to the emigrants, and, taken as a whole, it may be said that the Russians leave their land unwillingly, and are not adapted for colonists.

INTERNAL EMIGRATION.

There is a certain amount of internal emigration. In the provinces which are less rich and less favoured by nature, the peasants will quit their villages to get work elsewhere—in summer in those fields which lack labourers, in winter in the towns, either as day labourers or as cabdrivers. Peasants are not fond of changing from one district to another, because they love to remain true to the miserable hut that has seen their birth, and to the strip of ground which belongs to them by right. Emigration is not looked upon with a favourable eye by the Government, and emigrants are rigorously pursued and often punished. It is only the Jews who are

intention of appropriating the goods of others, but more frequently for the purpose of satisfying some low personal vengeance.

Russian mothers of all classes adore their children, and usually nurse them themselves. Mothers in this country are able to earn their livelihood with ease. A large number of these women have inherited from their mothers a faculty for work. The older generation had been born in the days when domestic servants were slaves and were trained by their masters to perfection, so that they understand most admirably how to wash and iron, how to mend and to make laces of a unique character. They are also good spinners, good cooks, good dress-makers, good hair-dressers. All this is due to the fact that in the days of serfdom the large rich proprietors were in the habit of sending their servants to the distant towns in order that they might learn various handicrafts, whence it resulted that not only the young men but also the young girls acquired the possibility of becoming skilful workers, and they in their turn have transmitted to their children the methods they so thoroughly learnt.

Russian men are not often good husbands, and very rarely good fathers. They love women, wine, and cards too well; but in order to be just it must be added that the two latter vices are also very frequent among women, although in a somewhat less degree. The women of the people get drunk just like the men, and great ladies have a passion for cards as pronounced as that of the stronger sex.

MISERY OF THE PEASANTS.

The general condition of the Russian peasants may be summed up in the one word "misery." They have been heard to exclaim when working in the houses of their masters, "Why should the nobles aspire to go to Paradise, seeing that they have their Paradise here below?" The misery of these poor people is augmented, if

increase be possible, in the winter. For this reason many account themselves happy if they can contrive to get themselves condemned to pass the cold season in prison. Thus an individual, whose brother had been condemned to several months' imprisonment for having stolen some hay, asked the favour of being allowed to take his brother's place, because, having been a soldier, he did not know how to work in the fields, and could not consequently render himself useful in the house of the lord of the manor. The dignitary managed in such a wise that the innocent man was allowed to take the place of the guilty, attaining his wish to pass the winter in a warm place where he was fed for nothing, and where he was not obliged to work. The principal occupation, as well as the most lucrative, of the Russian people is agriculture. There has never been any



A NOGAI TARTAR.

allowed to move with facility, the natives being only too enchanted to see these people depart, seeing the innate enmity they have for this unfortunate race, who succeed, thanks to their industry and thrift, in enriching themselves, while the lazy drunken Slav does nothing. Quite recently, since the introduction of a minimum of education among the lowest classes, those peasants who can write have begun to emigrate to the nearest towns, imbued with the fancy that their superiority over the rest of their illiterate surroundings makes it impossible for them to continue working in the fields or farms. Hence they seek places as servants or as workers in factories.

RUSSIAN WOMEN SKILFUL WORKERS.

Theft is rarer in the country than in the towns, and these thefts are not always committed with the

feudalism in Russia, and the people to-day, since the emancipation of the serfs, have no longer any obligations towards the nobles. The real fact is that the peasants look upon all natural products, such as the wood of the forest, grass, hay, etc., as the property of the good God, and in consequence feel no scruples in laying hands upon them; doing it, however, in secret, since these things belong according to law to their terrestrial proprietors.

The Russian people are naturally of an alert intellect and quick wit, but this has been little developed, and above all in the country ignorance is crass, and the number of persons who can neither read nor write is very considerable (75 per cent.). Speaking generally, it may be stated that the inhabitants of the country are more religious and more honest than those of the towns, but they are also very much more superstitious, and their superstition exceeds all belief and makes it very difficult to deal with them at times. This profound belief makes them careless concerning the simplest hygienic precautions, and makes them accept all illnesses as scourges sent by God, calamities against which it is useless even to struggle. Be it in misfortune or in happiness, the Russian people always submit with docility to the hand of God. Revolutionary propaganda therefore only succeeds in rendering this people discontented and causing them to rise against their employers and against the rich, but never to rise against the emperor or his autocracy. They never trace the cause of their sufferings to their Czar; they prefer to believe that their superiors fail to execute his orders, and when maltreated and oppressed there will usually rise to their lips the words, "God is on high and the Czar is very far off."

THE PEASANTS AS LANDOWNERS.

When serfdom was abolished in 1861 the Government bought a certain quantity of land from the gentry and constituted the peasants into landowners. This land is owned by whole communities and transferred from father to son and grandson. The male lines have the supremacy in the question of inheritance. Thus if the head of the family dies and leaves a widow with sons, the land that remains is divided into as many parts as there are sons. If none survive, the land of the deceased becomes the property of the whole corporation of landowners of the village commune, and is divided according to their needs. As a rule, Russian land is either divided into large estates belonging to the nobility or into small quantities of land belonging to the village communes and re-divided among the tax-paying peasants and subject to new division every time the community (*mir*) deems it necessary. The peasants give over the land to those who pay

taxes; women are exempt from imposts, therefore they are not taken into consideration. Only in case they remain widows with male orphans are they allowed to pay the taxes and own the land, but though they may have paid for over twenty years, yet on the death of their male heir the land will again be taken away from them.

RESTORATION OF PREROGATIVES TO THE NOBILITY.

By an *ukase* issued by the Emperor Alexander III in 1889 the communes have been placed under the control of a new set of functionaries, known as the



A COSSACK OF THE VOLGA.

chiefs of departments, who have been invested with administrative and juridic functions. These rural chiefs of departments must belong to the local nobility. The scope, of course carefully masked, of this innovation, is to restore indirectly to the nobility their ancient prerogatives.

This *ukase* gives back to them a leading place in the administration of the country districts, in conformity, it is pleaded, with the historical traditions of Russia; and nowadays under Alexander III nothing is held in higher honour than national traditions. Imitations of the West have gone out of fashion at St. Petersburg. After having put much *amour propre* into the desire to resemble the rest of Europe,

Russia is now putting out all her pride and strength to show herself different from other civilised peoples.

The rural chiefs of departments must also be state functionaries and are entitled to a salary. The Russian nobility have no taste for filling gratuitous posts. The chiefs of departments are named by the Governor of the province, who is a representative of the central power. Before making his choice the Governor must consult the marshal of the nobility. The nomination is then finally submitted to the Minister of the Interior. These new functionaries must not only be members of the hereditary nobility, but they must also be proprietors in that province in which they exercise their duties. These chiefs of departments are at the same time judges and administrators. The maxims put forth with so much pomp concerning the separation of different judicial charges have been entirely abandoned with regard to the country districts.

Ten provinces of Poland are grouped as general governments. The Governor-General is a military administrator, while as a rule the simple Governors are only civil functionaries. The three Baltic provinces, a few Western provinces, and the ten provinces above mentioned have remained subject in various respects to the ancient more or less autocratic *régime*.

RURAL COMMUNE.

An institution entirely distinctive of Russia is the Mir or rural commune. The father of the family, according to old Russian traditions, is sovereign in his house, and this sovereignty has remained intact throughout all transformations and revolutions. In the nobility, with quite a few exceptions, this paternal authority has become softened and modified by contact with the West. There only remain traces in some exterior rites, such as that graceful Slav custom that after every meal children should kiss the hands of their parents. To the paternal authority is conjoined, in the still entirely patriarchal family of the *moujik*, the *régime* of the commune with its undivided property.

In the days of serfdom rural families liked to remain agglomerated. Nowadays partition of goods is less rare. Few huts, or *isbas*, as they are called, shelter several married couples under their roof as formerly. Communal possession is generally divided into pasture land and arable. The first has been much curtailed owing to the emancipation, and is nearly all *exploité* in common. Every family sends its animals to graze on the same spot, the flocks only being known by their distinctive mark. The shepherd is also a communal servant.

These fields are re-divided at intervals of more or less regularity between the members of the commune, to be cultivated by each person separately

at his own risk and peril. The fundamental idea of the *régime* of the Mir rests upon this periodical redistribution of the soil.

There are three points that are considered in this division: first, the titles that give the right to have a lot, then the epochs of the division of the communal property, finally the method of parcelling out or of allotment. The division is made according to souls (*douchi*)—that is to say, per head for each male inhabitant, or per family; and in the latter case account is taken of the capacity for work displayed by the different families and the amount of labour that each one of them is able to contribute.

Under this system a lot having been given to a couple, it is the woman who gives her husband access to the property, on which account, perhaps, Russia is the land in which marriages are most fecund. The more the population augments the more frequent must be these re-divisions of the land.

The principle of the Mir demands that each lot of ground should be rigorously equal, because it



A PEASANT COLLECTING MONEY FOR A CHURCH.

has to support an equal share of the imposts, and the Mirs endeavour to exercise an absolute impartiality and justice. In making this division, superficiality is first considered, then value, and occasionally there is resort to drawing by lot.

The peasants thus held together by the double

chain of collective possession and solidarity of taxes, form the village commune or commune of the first degree, *obstchestvo*, as it is called. According to the act of emancipation these first-class communes are composed as a rule of peasants who formerly had the same masters, and who to-day possess the same lands.

Many of these neighbouring communes are reunited into sodalities called *volost*. The Russian *volost*, like the American townships, holds a mean place between the canton and the communes of France. By its administrative rule it more nearly approaches the commune.

The *volost* and *obstchestvo* play different rôles. The smaller commune is more concerned with economic affairs; to the larger commune pertain the administrative functions; but the principles that guide the two are absolutely identical.

At the head of each village commune is a species of mayor or bailiff known as the elder or the old one (*starosta*). The head of the corporation is a functionary whose supreme rank in the village hierarchy is indicated by a sort of superlative—the addition to the patriarchal title of a few letters which would read in English “the bigger elder” (*starshina*). The heads of communes, and above all the *starosta*, fulfil duties of an economic nature. The elder is a species of business man, a steward, and usually the most educated man of the community. Besides functionaries and judges, the Russian communes have *employés* who are elected according to the decision of the Mir or paid by the authorities; such are the superintendents or inspectors of the communal shops, and of the communal writers. These writers (*pissar*), who are nothing but paid clerks without legal power, frequently become the first authorities in the village, the veritable arbiters of the commune, and this because as a rule they are the only men who know how to read and write. This scribe is generally an outsider, and rarely belongs to the peasant class.

VILLAGE ASSEMBLIES.

The assembly of the *volost* is composed of all the functionaries belonging to the Mir conjoined to the delegates chosen by the village assemblies in proportion to the number per ten hearths (*dvor*). The council must in all cases count at least one representative of each hamlet, and possesses a sort of permanent commission formed

of the chiefs of the divers communities. The assembly of the *volost* has as its prime mission the duty of electing functionaries and local judges, and of nominating representatives at the district assemblies or *zemstva*, a sort of general council at which all classes meet. The *volost* may undertake public works, such as would transcend the capacity of individual communes, construct roads, build schools or hospitals; and for such purposes it has the right to vote local taxes. The village assemblies are composed only of heads of houses.

COMMUNAL ASSEMBLIES OF WOMEN.

Under this denomination widows or women temporarily deprived of their husbands may take their place. In the sterile regions of the north, where the men go to seek work afar, the communal assemblies will sometimes consist entirely of women who represent the heads of the house and take upon their shoulders the deliberation of all communal interests.

COUNTING VOTES.

The law has forced upon the Mir the counting of votes by majority, but formerly decisions were made according to the old Slav custom by unanimity. In earlier days, instead of counting votes, the party which was the feeblest bent spontaneously to the will of the strongest.

Formerly, too, the Mir was responsible for public security, but this is now in the hands of the new chiefs of departments. The peasants continue to elect their *starosta* and *starshina*, but in order to enter upon their functions these men must now be confirmed by the chief of the department, and he can revoke their election and has the right to punish without trial. Consequently the Mir has within the last few years become but a shadow of its former self. Nevertheless, from a liberal and economic point of view, this institution is of great value to the Russians, as it contains in itself the germ of self-government. Thus in the Mir the Russian people has served an apprenticeship to the ideas of co-operation and working in common. Useful too in this respect are the *arteli*, or confederations of workmen, whereby they board and lodge each other, each contributing his quota. The institution of the *artel*, like that of the *mir*, is most curious and interesting, and its origin can be traced back to great antiquity.



Many Adventures.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL."

THE ANCIENT MARINER IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

THAT the Ancient Mariner discovered New South Wales may be merely a proposition not generally known with which a conversation may be started or enlivened; but it is undoubtedly arguable. The New South Wales was not, however, the one in Australia discovered by Cook, but another, the first of the name, found on the southern shore of Hudson's Bay when Charles I was king, and figuring on the maps of America for at least two hundred years.

This New South Wales was admittedly first visited and named by Captain Thomas James. And in the West of England there are persons of repute who will assure you that James was Coleridge's Ancient Mariner who so relentlessly buttonholed the wedding guest. Three years ago a book was published to prove it. What more would you have? particularly as the suggestion had already been made in a pamphlet by another author, James Fawcner Nicholls of the Bristol Library, to wit.

We are assured that Coleridge was a regular and daily frequenter of old Bristol City Library; that that library contained at least one reprint of Captain James's story, if it did not have the original edition; and that there are certain expressions in that old book which are clearly paraphrased in the poem. It will be remembered that the poem was issued with much fear and trembling, and was practically apologised for by Wordsworth, who on its success took credit for some share in it. According to the critics, the albatross came from Shelvocke by way of Wordsworth, the skeleton ship from Cruikshank, the supernatural navigation from Wordsworth, and the seamanship from Captain James; so that really there does not seem to be much of the scaffolding left for the poet, unless it be the wind, the like of which is certainly not to be found in the log of the *Henrietta Maria*.

James's book is of the best. It is direct and literary, a good story well told of a really remarkable adventure for the days in which it was undertaken. There is "grip" even in its title-page: "The strange and dangerous voyage of Captain Thomas James, in his intended Discovery of the Northwest Passage into the South Sea. Wherein the miseries endured both going, wintering and returning, and the rarities observed, both philosophical and mathematicall, are related in this journal of it, 1632."

The Bristol men of old were much given to seafaring and adventure. According to the

Spanish ambassador, they had been out in the Atlantic westward in search of the Seven Cities even in 1491, that is before Columbus; and of course it was the Bristol ship *Matthew* which beat Columbus in the race for the mainland, and thus gave England the North American coast by right of prior discovery.

James was a Bristol man, the nephew, apparently, of one of its rememberable mayors; a templar also, we are told, who had been in the northern seas before he started on the great adventure of which he seems to have been the originator. Be this as it may, we learn from Nicholls that several Bristol merchant adventurers—Tomlinson, Barker, Long, Ellbridge, Hook, Taylor, and others—subscribed £800 between them in order that James should have a ship of seventy tons—about the size of a penny steamboat—built specially to discover a passage by the north-west to the South Seas, in which he was to visit Japan and come home round the world westward.

James built the *Henrietta Maria* as carefully as Nansen did his *Fram*. He watched her in frame and plank and fittings; and a sound, honest bit of work she proved to be. In January 1630 her owners sent James to Sir Thomas Roe, the "learned and furthest-employed traveller by sea and land," to ask from the king equal privileges to what had been granted to the London merchants, who were then sending out "North-West Fox" in the *Charles*, the Fox after whom Fox Channel was named, and whom we shall meet with presently. These privileges, after a subsequent application, were obtained, and the road being clear, the building and fitting out were pressed on.

James was very proud of the instruments he took with him, and they are worth mentioning as showing what the ancient mariner had to work with in the first half of the seventeenth century. He had "a quadrant of old seasoned pear-wood, 4 ft. in semi-diameter, divided with diagonals even to minutes," and with this he had "an equilateral triangle with a 5-ft. radius." He had also "a staffe 7 foote long whose transome was four foote"; "another of 6 foote"; a "Master Gunter's crosse staffe"; "3 Jacob's staves, projected after a new manner"; and "two of Master Davis's backe staves." His compasses included "four speciall needles of six inches diameter, toucht curiously with the best loade-stone in England"; further, "a loade-stone to refresh any of these, if occasion were, whose poles were marked for feare of mistaking"; further, "a chest full of the best and

choicest mathematicall bookes that could be got for money in England ; as likewise Master Hackluite and Master Purchas." But his most curious instrument was "a meridian line 120 yards long with 6 plumb lines hanging on it, some of them being 30 ft. high, and the weights hung in a hole in the ground to avoyde winde ; thus to take the sunnes or moones coming to the meridian." With these he was armed ; and with due knowledge of the "prosthaphæresis of the æquinox" and other such technical matters, he may well be pardoned for considering himself the complete navigator that he evidently was.

His crew consisted of nineteen "choice ablemen," and two "younkers," making twenty-two on board with himself. The men "for a private reason" were all unknown to each other, and had never been north before, so that James, lawyer-like, secured an advantage over them to begin with. "Voluntary loyterers," he says, "I at first disclaimed, and published I would have all unmarried, approved, able, and healthy seamen ; in a few days an abundant number presented themselves furnished with a general sufficiency in marine occasions." Finally, "on the 1st of April, everything was ready to be put together into our hopeful ship."

On May 2, 1631, the hopeful ship *Henrietta Maria*, after a sermon from Master Palmer, took her departure. And now for the Ancient Mariner :

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top."

That is all right. Next verse !

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea."

Probably there was a head wind in the Channel, and this occurred when James had the Quantocks on his lee bow.

The next verse is even more awkward, but then a poet must have some licence, particularly when in search of a rhyme. Forward !

On June 6 the *Henrietta Maria* was among the ice off Greenland, and on the 10th the pieces were crowding on her "as high as our topmast head." On the 17th at night, "we heard the rut of the shore, as we thought ; but it proved to be the rut against a bank of ice that lay on the shore. It made a hollow and hideous noise like an overfall of water, which made us to reason amongst ourselves concerning it ; for we were not able to see about us ; it being dark night and foggy. We stood off from it till break of day, then in again, and about four o'clock in the morning we saw land above the fog." And then they turned south for Cape Farewell, and the Ancient Mariner can again help us with a stave or two :

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along."

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled."

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast high, came flating by,
As green as emerald."

James says it was blue, but no matter ; all the rest is right ; so is what follows :

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between."

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled
Like noises in a swound !"

Here the albatross wings in *ex* Shelvocke ; there is nothing about an albatross in James. But it is remarkable that James here got begirt with ice mast-high, and escape seemed hopeless when actually

"The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !"

The dangers of the voyage had, however, only begun. Soon the *Henrietta Maria* had settled on a sharp rock about a yard above the mainmast, and, as the tide ebbd, over she heeled, so that the crew scrambled off on to a piece of ice and knelt in prayer as she heeled and heeled until "the fortlesse of her forecassle was in the water." But then the tide turned and she righted. Then "a great piece of ice" stopped the channel, and with axes and bars of iron the crew broke through ; and close by they set up a cross on the land, naming the place the Harbour of Good Providence, the cove near by becoming Price's Cove after Arthur Price, who was James's sailing master. Laboriously they kept on amid the ice, deep down into Hudson's Bay, the lower pocket of which is still James's Bay, after the captain of the *Henrietta Maria*.

On August 20, at six in the morning, they sighted land, "very low land," and stood into five fathoms to coast along it. At noon, when in latitude 57, they named this new land New South Wales, and drank a health to H.R.H. Prince Charles in its honour. Next night, in awkward weather, the cable fouled a rope and dragged off the leg of Richard Edwards the gunner. Nine days afterwards they fell in with Fox in the *Charles*, who had sailed from London on April 30, going north about, and whom they informed of their discoveries and names, and supplied with necessaries and tobacco. Fox was soon home again ; he had no intention of wintering in the north, his plan being to make a dash for the north-west passage and get back, to meet with anything but an agreeable reception from the London merchants who had employed him.

On September 3, James sighted and named Cape Henrietta Maria; and on the 12th, while he was asleep, the ship was run ashore. He got her off with difficulty and damage, and early in October he resolved to winter on what he called Charlton Island, but is now usually named after him. His ship, he says, "appeared a piece of ice in the fashion of a ship, or a ship resembling a piece of ice." The gunner died on the 22nd, "so cold that, though he had a pan of coals and fire in his cabin, his plaisters froze to his wound and his sack froze under his head." They buried him sadly in the sea at a good distance from the ship. We shall meet with him again; that is why we have mentioned him.

They built themselves a house on the shore, a hut twenty feet square, with wooden walls six feet thick; and in this they took up their quarters and passed a terrible winter, without any of the comforts now deemed necessary in an Arctic outfit. Meanwhile the ship was being so ground and strained by the ice that it was thought wisest to scuttle her, and on November 29 fourteen of them went off to bore holes in her bottom. She was rolling tremendously, "the water flashing and flying wonderfully" as it made its way in; and so violent was the wrenching that she jerked off her rudder. When the fourteen returned to the hut, so beaten were they that their fellows did not know them.

The weather became so cold that the sack, the vinegar, and the oil froze as hard as a piece of wood, and had to be cut with a hatchet. It was "so exceeding cold that our noses, cheeks and hands did freeze as white as paper." So intolerable were the men's frozen beards that they shaved all their hair off. Then scurvy broke out with its usual terrors; and lips grew black, but not with heat.

As the weather became milder the men resolved to build a pinnacle to come home in, although they had but four hatchets and three adzes to work with. This was a toilsome enterprise. "The three that were appointed to look for crooked timber, must stalk and wade (sometimes on all-four) thorow the snow; and when they saw a tree likely to fit the mould they must first heave away the snow and then see if it would fit the mould. If not they must seek further. If it did fit the mould then they must make a fire to it to thaw it; otherwise it could not be cut. They then cut it down and fit it to the length of the mould, and then with other help get it home a mile thorow the snow." In the hut the smoke from the green wood and turpentine was so great that, as James says, "it would make abundance of sote, which made us all look as if we had been free of the Company of Chimney Sweepers."

When the pinnacle was ready to be bolted, tree-nailed and planked, the carpenter died, and its completion being deemed hopeless, James turned his thoughts to the scuttled ship, and by planking her up and digging the ice out of her inside, managed to float her again and make her seaworthy. On May 18, Master Price, happening to look about him, caught sight of something strange under one of the gun-room ports. This proved to be the leg of the gunner who had been buried some

distance off six months before. There he lay fast in the ice, head downwards, "the plaister still at his wound." It took nineteen men to dig him out "as free from noisomeness, as when first we committed him to the sea." They buried him near the carpenter. A few days afterwards "a happy fellow, one David Hammon, pecking betwixt the ice," struck on the missing rudder, which was safely hoisted back into its place.

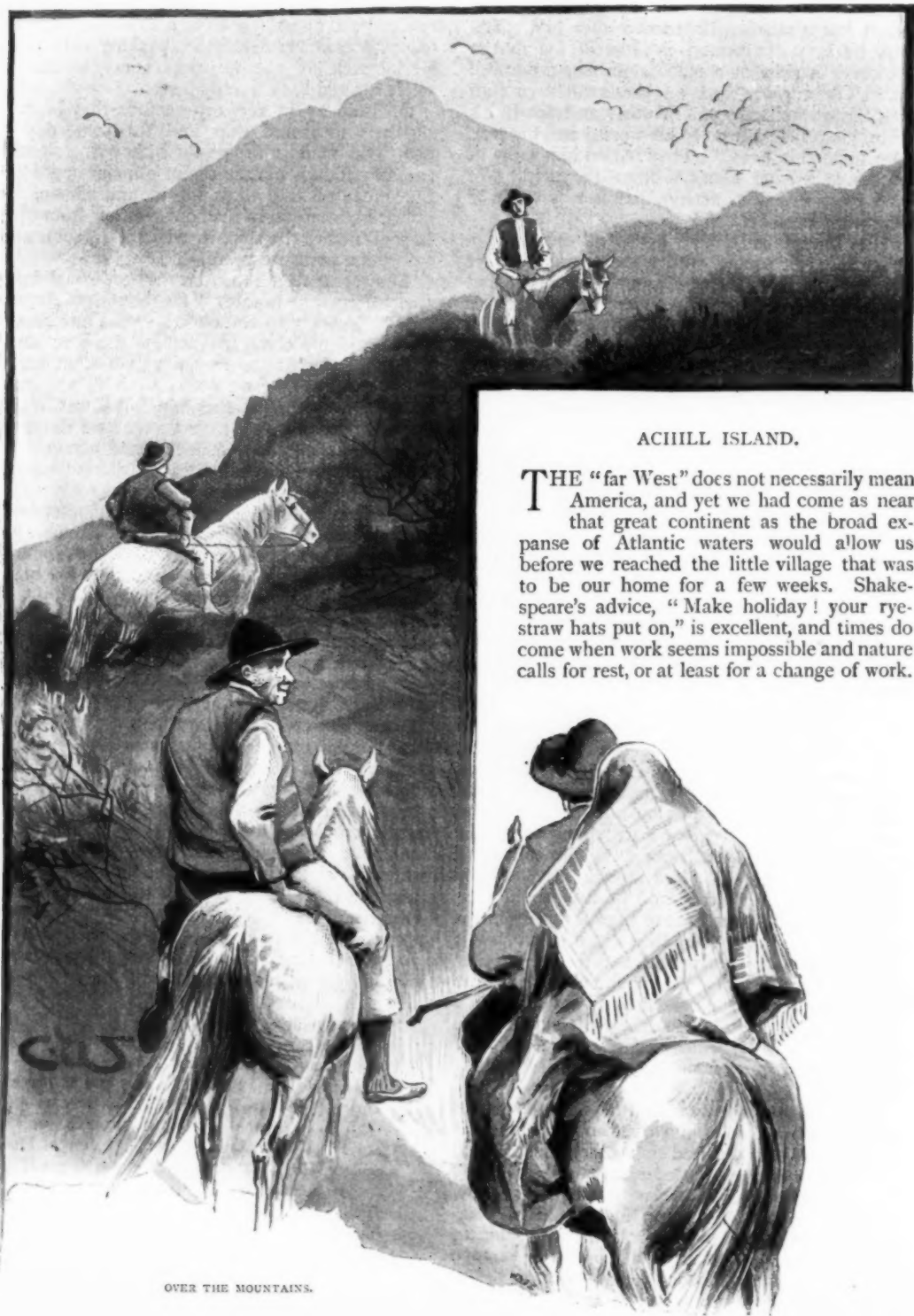
On June 25, in very dry weather, they began to rig their recovered ship, and the same day the boatswain made a fire on the hilltop as a signal in case any friends were in the neighbourhood. This fire spread till the whole hillside was aflame, their hut being involved in the conflagration, from which they all fled to the ship, in which they soon made sail to the north-westward.

They certainly did their best to get through, but all their efforts were in vain. "On the 26th of August," James relates, "by two o'clock in the morning, we were suddenly come in amongst the ice; and it pleased God that the moon at the instant gave us so much light that we could see a little about us. We would have staid the ship, but it was so thick to windward and so near us that we durst not. We then bore upon the unexpected accident and I verily believe did not escape striking the length of a foot against the ice as hard as rocks, two or three times; the ship now having way, after twelve leagues a watch. We could from the topmast head see ice to the N.N.W. and N.W. and so round by the S. to the E. This struck us all into a dooome"—and into a general council of war which decided for a return to Bristol, which was eventually reached; the ship much battered about and having "a great rock" in her bottom.

There is not much of the Ancient Mariner in this Arctic business, but traces can be found by the credulous who look for them. That Coleridge had himself read Shelvocke is probable; that he had also read James, perhaps in looking up Shelvocke in Black or Churchill, is probable; and not unlikely he returned to James for a hint or two when completing his poem. It is certainly remarkable that James should have suggested as the only solution of his difficulties that he should be "brought home in a dream or engine," which was the mode adopted by the Ancient Mariner. Another curious thing is that James was himself a poet in a small way, as witness his lines on leaving the graves of his faithful carpenter and re-buried gunner:

"I were unkind, unless that I did shed,
Before I part, some tears upon our dead
And when my eyes be dry, I will not cease
In heart to pray, their bones may rest in peace.
Their better parts (good souls) I know were given
With an intent they should return to Heaven.
Their lives they spent, to their last drop of blood,
Seeking God's glory and their country's good;
And as a valiant soldier, rather dies
Than yields his courage to his enemies;
And stops their way with his hew'd flesh when Death
Hath quite deprived him of his strength and breath;
So have they spent themselves; and here they lie,
A famous mark of our Discovery."

"A HOLIDAY IN THE FAR WEST."



ACHILL ISLAND.

THE "far West" does not necessarily mean America, and yet we had come as near that great continent as the broad expanse of Atlantic waters would allow us before we reached the little village that was to be our home for a few weeks. Shakespeare's advice, "Make holiday! your rye-straw hats put on," is excellent, and times do come when work seems impossible and nature calls for rest, or at least for a change of work.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

But it is not always easy to decide satisfactorily *where* to go when the happy time arrives that one is at liberty to make plans and feels free to enjoy them; and the holiday perhaps is not fully earned till the real hard work—pregnant though it may be of future rest—is over, of discussing in the family circle the inevitable pros and cons when various interests have to be consulted, and dates dovetailed into a convenient shape. "Punch" was very happy in his description of such a domestic council chamber when he made paterfamilias, in despair, take the matter into his own hands and decide that the whole family party should take up their abode at Herne Bay for a month! However, when we made up our minds to settle down on an island in the Atlantic forty miles from a railway station, there was no dissenting voice heard, and if there were any anxious feelings on the subject they were unconfessed.

We found our island one of such natural beauty and grandeur that it is wonderful how few people, even with an atlas of the British Isles in their hands, would know where to look for it. Open a map of Ireland, and run your eye along the coast of Mayo, and there to the north of Clew Bay, in latitude $57^{\circ} 7'$ North and longitude $10^{\circ} 3'$ West, you will find the island of Achill, separated from the mainland by a short strip of water. Probably our readers may have learned in their school days that Achill is in Ireland, but I doubt much if their memory could stand the test of declaring whether it is the name of a county, a mountain, or a river! There is, however, much excuse for ignorance of a place so hard to reach, though that excuse will I hope soon be removed, when Mr. Balfour's light railway, now almost finished, is opened, and every opportunity given to tourists to visit this lovely spot.

Achill is about twenty miles long and eight wide, and, like Italy, resembles in shape a large boot, the toe pointing to the west, the sole to the north. Its ancient name of *Eccuill* signified Eagle Island. In the early turbulent days of Irish history it must have enjoyed comparative peace, for no mention occurs of it in any old record until the year 1235, when it was plundered by the Irish allies of Maurice FitzGerald.

The road through which the traveller must pass after he leaves the train at Westport is picturesque in the extreme, skirting along the shores of Clew Bay, whose waters are overshadowed by the lofty peaks of Croagh Patrick and studded with multitudes of islands, one it is said for every day in the year. The largest of these, Clare Island, covers 2,500 acres, and rises at one point to an elevation of 1,500 feet. It is one of the most fertile of all the islands surrounding Ireland, and has much of interest to be visited. It was here lived and died the wild Irish chieftainess, the Granna Uaile or Grace O'Malley of former days; her ruined castle is on the eastern side of the island, overhanging the little harbour. From this rocky shore she went forth to perpetrate the raids upon the neighbouring chieftains, and even to inflict damage on English shipping.

The story of her visit to Queen Elizabeth is an amusing one. Caring little for the etiquette of an English palace, she introduced herself in half

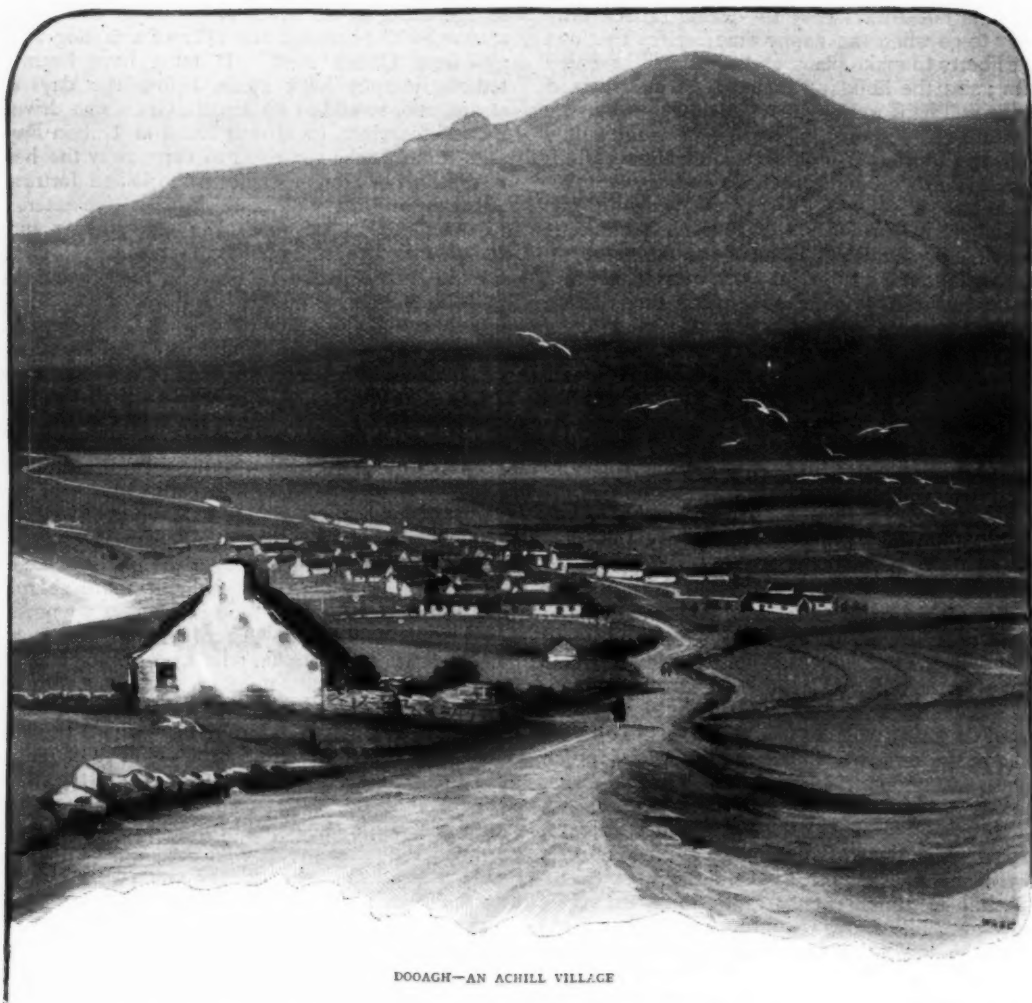
savage dress, as an equal to her royal sister, and spurned with contempt the offer of a lapdog as a gift from Queen Bess. It must have been a tedious journey back again, before the days of steam, and, to add to its length, Grace was driven by adverse winds to Howth Head in Dublin Bay, and from this she contrived to carry away the heir of the Earl of Howth to her Clare Island fortress. All these and many other old legends give interest to the place, as we watch the sun sinking into the Atlantic behind its bold cliffs, and call to mind the old Irish ballads which had for their theme the prowess and daring of this island queen.

But we soon leave Clew Bay behind, and pass on through mountain gorge and boggy roadside till we reach the Sound. There is a good bridge there now, which was opened in 1888; until then visitors had to cross in ferry boats. A short distance inland you find with surprise a luxuriant plantation of pines; they are the only trees on the island, and their rich green spires add much to the beauty of the spot. The drive from this to Dugort, the village known in the island as "the colony" or "the settlement," is very picturesque, the bold outline of Slieve More becoming more and more sharply defined as each turn in the road brings us nearer its heatherclad slopes. There is a strange fascination about the mountain; its ever-varying shapes and colour; from one point startling you with its close resemblance to a pyramid, as it stands alone, a huge triangle, round whose base the soft bog land and ferns seem curiously out of place. Again you see it darkly frowning on the little village that nestles at its feet, casting a gloom over its homesteads, and throwing into deeper shadow the rugged ridge of the chasm cleft in its side as by a mighty hand, the cliff running down to the water's edge until the spray is dashed upon the purple heather and moss-covered rocks.

Dugort many years ago gained an almost world-wide notoriety as being the centre and rallying point of a mission to the Roman Catholics, founded and carried on by the Rev. E. Nangle, "the apostle of Achill," with wonderful energy and earnestness. He felt he had a "call" to labour among the poor inhabitants, and give them the blessing of an open Bible in their own tongue. Mr. Nangle's mission was not only of a religious nature—he did a great work in trying to elevate the people and give them habits of industry and thrift. The village, the direct result of his exertions, which now contains two hotels, well-built slated houses, and a pretty church, was in the year 1831 a tract of swampy ground, so soft that "a hare could hardly walk over it;" but now I doubt if a more invigorating spot could be found in which to spend a holiday.

The western breeze, fresh from the Atlantic, so strong and yet so soft, carries with it the delicious fragrance of mountain flowers and bog myrtle, the combination of which it must be that gives to the air such a peculiar sweetness. And then the surroundings are so novel, the whole countryside so different to the sister isle, that it is hard to realise how slight a distance—geographically speaking—separates the people.

Anyone who has visited Norway will be struck by



DOOAGH—AN ACHILL VILLAGE

a curious sort of resemblance between the villagers living on the shores of the fjords and these Irish peasants. The plan of moving in summer with their cattle to saeters on the mountain side is extensively practised; the pasturage is poor, and only in this way could the animals eke out an existence; and in many instances the horses and cows alike, with their owners, share the shelter of the home as members of the family circle! The women dye the wool and spin the yarn that makes their picturesque dresses and petticoats, and again, as in Norway, the colour varies with the district—in Connemara the bright red is almost universal, in Achill a deep rich violet is much worn. All go barefooted, the grandam and the child alike, and over heathery bog or along the road they trip as surely and fearlessly as the goats on the mountain side. We realised how completely they were independent of bootmakers when one of our party had to do without a shoe which had come to grief, for some days, while it was sent miles away to a neighbouring island where lived the only known cobbler! But if these people are agile on foot, it is quite wonderful to see the easy grace with which they ride, without a saddle,

on their fast-trotting ponies. Seated far back, just over the tail of the animal, they balance themselves with a skill that would make the fortune of a circus troupe.

A more picturesque group one could hardly wish to see than a number of these equestrians wending their way over a mountain road, a man and his wife often on the same horse in the old-world pillion style, her long cloak—a marriage portion—flowing behind, and on her head a handkerchief loosely tied with all the elegance of a Spanish lady!

One thing we noticed—how few young people of either sex were to be seen in the villages; only those who could not be dispensed with for bringing in the harvest and taking care of the children and old folk. An exodus takes place early every summer, and away to Scotland and England go the able-bodied men and maidens to earn the £ s. d. that is to keep them during the long winter months when food is scarce and little is to be done. But as surely as the dark cold days of November come, these migrants return to the parental home, to the great joy and rejoicing of the family.

"How are they content to settle down again in poverty and idleness?" we asked one of our native friends. "Sure, yer honour, they wouldn't stay away at all at all; it's then the fun begins, and a jolly time we have and no mistake." And then Larry gave us an insight into society at Dooagh which was most amusing.

Like more pretentious places, it has its "season" and its round of gaieties; the fashions don't often change, to be sure, but the belles of Dooagh, without the aid of Madame Rachel, or a Regent Street modiste, might often rival their more fortunate sisters in freshness and beauty. And our readers should have seen the surprise with which the query was received as to "how the people occupied their time through the long dreary winter when no work was possible?"

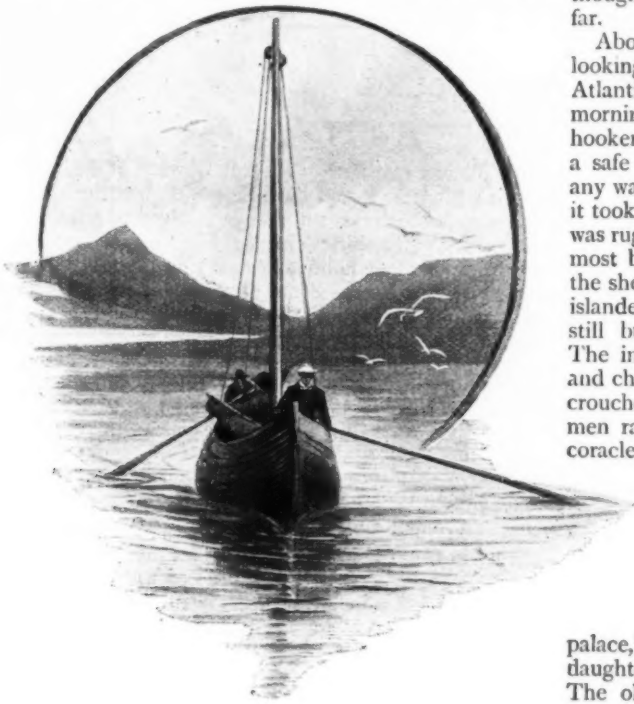
If the days were idle, save for the scanty household cares of the wives and daughters, the evenings (and sometimes far into the small hours of the morning) were busy enough. In a room dignified by the name of the "dancing school" the villagers meet night after night, and to the strains of the native musician pass the time, to their heart's content, in merry jig and country dance; and, "mind ye, it's not only the lads and the girls that go, the married men and women come too, the crathurs, and have their bit of fun." A buffet is unknown, but the cabins are close at hand, and "they can be runnin' home for a cup of tay

are two sides to everything, and as even a failing at times assumes the form of a virtue, may it not be this trait in the character of the Irish peasant, which, while it strikes at the root of earnest perseverance and plodding dogged industry, still tides them over seasons of hardship and privation that would crush and embitter less buoyant natures.

Many charming excursions can be made from Dugort, and perhaps the loveliest is that to Keem Bay. "See Keem and die," said our friends, and the gruesome advice was doubtless to show their keen appreciation of the place, but whether it was superstition or mere convenience we did as a matter of fact put off our visit till the last week of our stay in Achill! A very beautiful spot it is; "earth has not anything to show more fair" in many respects, reminding one of Balholm on the Sogne fjord. Overhanging Keem is Slieve Croaghnaun, the ascent of which, though a very stiff climb, more than repays the tourist by the gloriously extensive view he gets of the country round, four counties being distinctly visible, and a vast expanse of the Atlantic. Unlike most mountains, which content themselves usually by reaching the sea level in a gradual slope, Slieve Croaghnaun descends to the margin of the ocean by a sheer precipice hundreds of feet deep. The view is grand in the extreme from the top of these mighty cliffs. But there is yet another place of interest well worth seeing, though not many visitors to Achill venture so far.

About sixteen miles from Dugort out to sea, looking like a thin line of sand in the waves of the Atlantic, is the island of Innishkea. One fine morning our party started to visit it in a trusty hooker. It had the solid recommendation of being a safe way of transit, so we cheerfully put up with any want of comfort or elegance for the two hours it took us to reach our destination. The coast-line was rugged and bold, the views, changing constantly, most beautiful. As the hooker came in sight of the shore, great excitement was visible among the islanders, and it was very hard to realise we were still but thirty-six hours' journey from London. The inhabitants turned out *en masse*, the women and children in their scanty garments of red flannel crouched outside their cabins, while numbers of the men ran down to the beach and put out in their coracles on chance of rowing us to land. It was a strange scene and curiously like a picture plate in a boy's book of adventures. We knew there was a "king" of Innishkea, and soon a tall bronze-faced man was pointed out to us as his majesty.

On landing all the party were introduced and conducted by him to "the palace," where the queen dowager with her daughter bade us welcome in true Irish fashion. The old lady was in her picturesque native costume, red dress, and plaid shawl over her head; the "princess," however, had evidently on first sight of the hooker arrayed herself in modern fashion to do us honour, and we were amused on penetrating into the reception room to find advertisements from shops in Buckingham Palace Road and St. Paul's Churchyard hung up to embellish the walls,



THE HOOKER.

if they want it; but niver a one did I iver see lavin' for hunger yit," said Larry admiringly. So light-hearted and easy-going are the people, that in this way they are able to banish from their minds all thoughts of thin harvests and poor fare. There

though only by a favoured few could they be read. The island was destitute of any school or means of instruction for the children, a very small proportion either understood or spoke English, and there was neither watch nor clock among the people, who had a happy-go-lucky idea of time and troubled themselves little as to Greenwich regulations. There were no church bells to ring, no trains to catch, no office hours requiring punctuality; so when the sun was high in the heavens they would get through their not very arduous farming duties, and when he sank into the great waste of waters they could sleep.

The "king's" word settled all disputes; it was a hereditary monarchy, and his people as far as he was concerned were untaxed. Happy those States, thought some of the visitors, where royalty could be maintained with so little cost and sovereigns content with such simple grandeur! However, I am in honesty bound to add that we found King Philip had other means of filling his coffers besides levying taxes on his faithful subjects, and had learned the art of making good his opportunity whenever the Saxon stranger ventured to land on his shore.

But Innishkea has an interest altogether apart from its situation, surrounded as it is by lovely views of mountain cliff and rocky headland. On this spot, hundreds of years ago, early Christian missionaries landed, and on the top of a shelly mount, half a mile from the beach, are Christian remains of great antiquity. West of the island

there stand also the ruins of a church said to have been built by the successors of St. Columba. How great the faith and love of these brave men, true "heroes in the mission field," who in these long past days risked their lives to carry the knowledge of Christ to our land; and sad it is to see into what ignorance and superstition those Island folk have fallen, though nominally believers in the Apostles' Creed.

It is a curious instance of the irony of fate that the people who in those early times were "intensely scriptural" and the very strongest opponents of the errors of the Church of Rome, should in these latter days be shut out from all access to the Word of God, and that they should now be the most intolerant followers of the Papal See.

Our return journey had its drawbacks, and the "trusty hooker" it was said went into dock for repairs soon after; but though few escaped the usual penalty of a rough sea, I do not think anyone regretted the excursion to Innishkea.

The day came all too quickly now to say good-bye to the "far West" and to trace our steps eastward; and yet after all no one can tell how thoroughly he loves his home and its interests until he has wandered from it. Holidays must, like other things, come to an end; and well it is so, for "if all the year were playing holiday, to sport would be as tedious as to work."

A. J. HAYES

OLD MAIDS AND YOUNG.

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, AUTHOR OF "ORCHARDSCROFT," ETC.

CHAPTER LXII.—MARRIAGE AND MONEY.

SPENSER tells of a poor young prince who fell in love with a girl who was washed on to his island upon a coffer filled with gold. The poor young prince said that he liked the gold, but that he liked the girl better. It seems to me not at all hard to believe that young prince, for, when one comes to think of it, there are a vast number of things about a girl that must be much more precious than a coffer of gold.

The Reverend William Harden's case was very similar to that of this prince. When he had married Lucy Sallnow he had become richer by a charming wife and by a coffer of gold. His friends were divided in their opinion of his marriage, some holding that he had fallen in love with Lucy, and some that he had fallen in love with her gold. They discussed the matter in his absence, but were sufficiently delicate not to touch upon it in his presence—his sister Emma excepted. Miss Harden said, with that simple directness of expression which marks family intercourse:

"You married money, Will."

It was not a remark made by way of opening up a conversation; it was made in the course of a discussion the subject of which was Edward. Also, the tone in which it was made was not angry or contemptuous; it was quiet, and rather pleasant than otherwise.

Will was standing. He sat down. If he had been sitting he would have risen. It was the kind of remark that makes a change of physical attitude necessary. Nothing else in him underwent a change; his face neither flushed nor blanched, his voice neither trembled nor grew husky; in family intercourse these facial and vocal phenomena are rare. He said, in a manner almost as quiet and pleasant as that of his sister:

"I am not myself aware that I married money, Emma. I married a woman whom I should have married if she had brought to me as little as Eve brought to Adam."

"My dear Will, how very queer to bring Eve into the question! It's your clerical way, of course, but you might as well remember that we're not living in Genesis i., but in 1891. Pray leave Eve out. You, as I wanted to say, acted with thorough good sense in marrying Lucy, and why Edward should set his heart on marrying Miss Weir-Delamer, when he might marry Miss Fleetwood, very much the same style of person, and with an immense fortune, mystifies me."

It did not mystify Will. He had loved the girl whom he had married, and it seemed quite comprehensible to him that his brother should want to marry the girl whom he loved. He would have said so, but the word "love" is not one which an Englishman cares to bring into conversation, especially into conversation with his sister. In

default of anything else that he might say suggesting itself to him, he took up the newspaper and began to read it.

Miss Harden lost her temper, and dealt in a further personality.

"I must say, William, I call you a thoroughly heartless man. Our only brother's happiness is in the scales, and you can sit and read the daily rubbish."

With these words she left the room.

Will Harden tried to continue reading. Finding, however, that he could make no sense of anything in his paper, he crushed it up and flung it from him. This was not his clerical way, but a way that he had when the man ran away with the clergyman. Growing more and more agitated, he began pacing up and down his study, and was only brought to a standstill by his wife's coming in and placing herself before him.

"What were you thinking of?" she asked, noticing with surprise his great agitation.

"Of you," was the quiet reply, and he drew her towards him. "Do you want to know what Emma has been saying, my little wife?"

A cloud passed the bright face.

"No, dear, I don't think I do."

"Spoken like my darling!" was the comment which this evoked, and after that they paced the room together. The full sun shone in on them, and Jessica and Lorenzo under the full moon were not a whit more happy. I mention Jessica and Lorenzo, because Jessica had a coffer of gold, and it has not, I believe, yet been suggested that Lorenzo, in loving Jessica, loved it.

"Lucy," Will said, when after a while they sat down side by side and fell to talking, not blank verse, but common prose, "what do you think about Edward and Miss Weir-Delamer?"

Lucy smiled wisely.

"I think it will be lovely, dear. You will officiate, and I shall be the happy looker-on. I have arranged all about my dress. I mean to wear pearl-grey, with bonnet to match, a little pink rose in the bonnet, some soft lace here" (indicating vaguely), "and I shall cry a little, but not much. When is it going to be, Will?"

Will smiled.

"Ask Emma," he answered.

It was a thoughtless thing for him to do, for he had been married to Lucy for two years, in which time he had ample opportunity for observing that she habitually acted on what he said. She had the lack of worldliness that may often be noticed in those by whom the world has dealt kindly; she rarely understood irony, and she feared no one. At lunch she said cheerfully:

"We have been talking, Emma, of Edward and Miss Weir-Delamer. Will says that you are the one who knows when it is going to be."

It was a remark that challenged an answer, and which received none. It was just as if nothing had been said, and nobody ever meant to say anything again. There is a proverb, "A silent mouth is melodious," and if ever a melody of silence filled a room it filled this room. In all families these things happen, but they do not happen often, mercifully.

The lunch was finished in silence. After it Miss Harden set out on one of her daily errands. Our great poet makes a toiler say, using words that have given rise to a good deal of controversy:

"There be some sports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them sets off."

Did district visitors ever speak in blank verse one feels sure that they would say what this toiler said. It was in the very spirit breathed in his words that Miss Harden set out to visit her brother's poor parishioners. Of the number of these was Mrs. Simmons, and Mrs. Simmons's cottage was the first—and, on this day, the last—visited by Miss Harden. It was scrupulously neat, and in the doorway of it stood the neat old woman as we have already seen her, in blue and white, with white head raised.

"How is your husband, Mrs. Simmons?" Miss Harden asked.

"The same, ma'am, thank you. Will you see him?"

Miss Harden followed the woman into a bedroom, and they stood together beside the sick man. He had been bedridden for months, and his face was dazed with pain. The old wife was first to speak.

"Oh, ma'am, he won't try to die; I tell him he could if he liked, but he won't try."

The face on the pillow did not change. A sun-ray touched the forehead and hair of the dying man; his eyes and mouth were in shadow, and a poor brown hand lay quiet on the white counterpane. There was no sound in the room, except that clearness of the querulous voice.

Emma Harden looked away over the bed to the window, and saw Ellen. It was just as if these two had met in a strange land; there was no thought at all of keeping apart. They crossed to each other, and left the cottage together. When they had walked some way from the house Miss Harden pulled up short.

"What do you think of a woman like that, Miss Weir-Delamer?" she asked.

Ellen had been looking on the ground; she lifted grave brown eyes, and, using that favourite word of hers, said quietly:

"She is not kind to him, Miss Harden. So few people are kind to one another—don't you think so?"

Miss Harden frowned darkly. "I must say I never before heard such a brutal thing said, Miss Weir-Delamer."

"Oh, I have," Ellen chanted, looking straight before her. "Almost all people say very unkind things; a lack of ideality, or perhaps of humour, I think. She is a neat person, and so pretty, but very worldly."

To Miss Harden "very worldly" suggested a person of what she called "birth." She smiled.

"I should not myself, my dear Miss Weir-Delamer, use the words 'worldly' or 'unworldly' in speaking of this sort of woman," she said.

"Wouldn't you?" came the surprised question. "But they live in the world or the unworld just as others do, Miss Harden."

There was no rudeness in the voice, and Miss Harden, on second thoughts, resolved to let the matter pass. Clearly the girl was an eccentric. Miss Harden put her down as a girl, and as consi-

derably the junior of herself. In reality there was but the difference of a few years between them; but they who live in the world grow older sooner than they who live in the unworld. This should be cried from the housetops in Vanity Fair. Ellen's bared smooth brow was ten years younger than the befringed tense forehead of the woman who walked beside her. The gray eyes, shrewd through too much looking at the world, were older by ten years than the brown eyes, too grave through looking at grave books, but in their very gravity very young. The rare laugh of the younger woman had girlhood and childhood in it; the too frequent laugh of the other had scarce merriment in it. Then Miss Harden was dressed to look as much like a fashion-plate as possible, and Ellen was dressed to look as much like a flower as possible. You can imagine how Miss Harden looked, but you cannot imagine how Ellen looked. She had taken a tinted autumn-leaf to her dressmaker, and had said:

"I want this combination of colours, and—well,



QUITE LOST IN THE NEW GAME OF HALMA.

as much this sort of thing as possible, perfectly simple—a short train, of course. You have my measurements, I think. Good morning."

She had left the autumn-leaf as a pattern. The dress which she wore on this occasion was the one that she called her autumn-leaf. It was prettier than will be told in words, and made a picture in the country road. As she walked along she picked poppies, making darts for them into a neighbouring field; and when she had picked a big bunch, after taking from it two very beautiful ones—chosen with a child's frank regard for self—which she put in her dress, she gave the rest to Miss Harden.

"Beautiful things, aren't they? Don't you love them?"

Miss Harden said she liked them. Flowers are about the one thing in the world that one might safely go to the length of loving at first sight; but most people, even very affectionate people, after a lifelong acquaintance with them, do not care to admit that they have more than a liking for them. Ellen's face fell, and nothing was said till Miss Harden stopped in front of a cottage.

"How very pretty, Miss Weir-Delamer!" she exclaimed. "My brother should paint that."

"I believe he has sketched it," Ellen answered.

"Will you come in and take tea?"

"Oh, thank you, Miss Weir-Delamer. I really didn't know—I—"

Miss Harden felt herself get furiously red, and smelled the poppies to hide her confusion. Poppies were not made to be smelled, so the device was transparent.

"Just as you like," lifted Ellen. "It would be a pleasure to me—if it would be a pleasure to you."

This remarkable form of invitation was new to Miss Harden, and the voice and the eyes were witching, and the hour was close upon 5 P.M., and tea was offered. She deliberated, and was lost. Ellen opened the gate, and she walked in.

"You've a very nice little garden, Miss Weir-Delamer," she said, "very pretty indeed."

It was rather the tone of the district visitor, and Ellen looked surprised, for she felt that she did not

at all resemble Mrs. Simmons and the people who are spoken to in this tone, and are given nice little packets of tea and sugar. She walked on, smiling, leading the way through the open door of the cottage to the sitting-room. It was a snug little room, and there were two tables in it—one in the centre, on which was laid tea, and one in the window-recess, on which was laid what is still called "the new game" of Halma. Nobody sat at the table in the centre of the room, but in the window-recess, quite lost in the new game of Halma, there sat Jooly and Edward Harden.

It has been said that one of the wishes of Rotha Fleetwood was that she might live to see Ellen Weir-Delamer non-

plussed. Ellen Weir-Delamer still lives, and the friends who know her best, among them being the writer of this, are now convinced that, come what may, she will never be at a non-plus, having witnessed the above unexpected sight and retained the power of speech. She went forward with a smile, in which there was perhaps just a touch of constraint, and said pleasantly:

"How kind of you, Mr. Harden, to spoil Jooly like this—my brother Jooly, Miss Harden."

The boy had risen. He smiled brightly, and held out his hand.

Nice boy, a gentleman, was Miss Harden's first thought. Her second was—regardless of grammar—*There'd be him too.*

"Do you like Halma?" Jooly asked, making conversation like a nice boy and a gentleman that he was.

"No," Miss Harden answered, "I think the hops in it are foolish."

Jooly looked distressed. What he liked in the game were the hops, but in courtesy he could not say that. It was a door shut upon one topic of conversation.

"Shall I put your poppies in water?" was his next venture. "They look so thirsty, and they will be quite fresh by the time—" Here Jooly had a breakdown, and did some bad patching, like a young pianist. "They will soon be quite fresh," he added.

Miss Harden smiled; the boy was charming. She was sweet woman enough to like him for the breakdown and the bad patching. After that the talk flowed smoothly, despite the difference of opinion regarding hops. To her brother only did Miss Harden address no word in the course of this visit, and it may be added that in the following few sentences is given in full the conversation which took place between him and her on their way home. She was the first to speak.

"I did not expect to see you at Miss Weir-Delamer's, Edward," she said.

He answered:

"I also did not expect to see you there, Emma."

After this there was a long silence, broken again by Miss Harden.

"That boy Jooly is rather nice," she said.

"He's first-rate," her brother answered.

It was tiring to have to take the initiative every time, but Miss Harden spoke again.

"I rather like some things about Miss Weir-Delamer, too," she said magnanimously.

"Do you?" came the quiet question from Edward.

"Yes, but I really hope, Eddy"—Miss Harden lowered her voice—"that you are not going to be very foolish, and propose to the girl."

Mr. Harden also lowered his voice.

"I have proposed to her, Emma," he said.

Miss Harden came to a standstill.

"Then all I can say is—"

She paused, breathless.

"Don't trouble to say anything," her brother interposed drily. "She has refused me, Emma."

"Good!" was Miss Harden's first reflection, and she smiled. Her second reflection was, as usual, different from the first. She flushed indignantly. "*The girl must be out of her mind.*"

But Miss Harden had not fathomed all that was passing in Ellen's thoughts. Not many hours after this Ellen was sitting in her garden with Miss Onora. A great silence fell between them, unbroken till a footfall was heard on the road which ran alongside of the garden. It was accompanied by the steady thud of a stick. Blind men use their sticks thus, and so do boys in anger. Sometimes a man in anger does so.

Ellen flushed deeply, and, feeling that Miss Onora was looking at her, said petulantly—

"It's very annoying the way people walk along my road."

"It's the high-road, dear, is it not?"

Miss Onora finely assumed a desire for information.

"Well, yes," Ellen admitted, "in a sense, it is the high-road."

In every sense possible but one it was the high-road, and had been this since Cæsar's time, for it had been Cæsar's road before becoming Ellen's; but she was right, it was not as Cæsar's road, and not as the high-road, but as her road that Edward Harden walked along it twice, thrice, every day.

"It's so feeble to go prodding about the place like that," she added indignantly, listening to the strange thumps in which Edward Harden gave vent to his pent-up feelings. "One might as well take No, when it is said to one, and there an end."

Here she put up her hands to her face with a queer child's action, and put away the tears. Miss Onora took the wet hands, and said, "Child, don't I know it all? It will come right; it must."

"No, Miss Onora; this will never come right."

Ellen smiled, perhaps a little too brightly; and her manner was the old oracular one, as she added, "After all, Mr. Harden and I are not the pivot on which the world turns, so this woe is in excess of the needful. If he only wouldn't illtreat the—the queen's—high-road."

Her eyes were quite bright now, and valorously met Miss Onora's. They sat quiet for some moments. The little garden was a paradise of sweet smells. From one corner came a strong scent of honey from a bed of sea-kale; with it mingled whiffs of pinks, roses, lupines; whiffs of herbs of all sorts.

"I don't know, Ellen"—the words came from Miss Onora after a little silence—"that I don't consider that Miss Harden is taking too much upon herself in this matter."

"That is just my feeling, Miss Onora," Ellen answered, with eyes lifted to the far blue sky, "and—pending certainty on the subject—I have told Mr. Harden that I don't mean to marry him until she asks me to do so. That is my No to him. It is a No, isn't it?" She looked again at Miss Onora.

"Well, yes; I'm afraid it is," Miss Onora said rather dismally.

"Do not let us both wax sad about it, dear," Ellen chanted. With a fine disregard of what was her own advantage as owner of the garden, she was busy assisting a small colony of ants which had built a hillock of sand and earth right in the middle of one of her grass-plots. To it she helped them carry bits of sticks and leaves, now and again lifting an ant and its burden to the heap. It was a thankless task. Ants do not care to be helped, and are probably only made vexed and giddy by being lifted to what to them must be leagues of space up in air.

Their would-be friend watched the little swarms benignantly for some moments longer; then she said:

"To return to Miss Harden, Miss Onora. I have moments of exquisite relish, dear, when I picture Miss Harden imploring of me to bestow my hand on her brother. It's my version of Cophetua. The king wooing the beggar-maid—that's commonplace. But the king's mother or his sister—"

"That doesn't happen," Miss Onora interposed in a flat, uncompromising manner that was hers upon some occasions. "You seem to me straining a point here, Ellen. My feeling is that in this matter Edward Harden may have a right to act independently."

Ellen looked before her with level brows, and Miss Onora noticed, as she had noticed before, the great pride in her face.



A HOT DAY, NEAR SANDWICH.

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"My feeling is this, Miss Onora," she said, "that I have the chief voice in this matter, and until Miss Harden asks of me to marry Edward, I mean to remain just Ellen Weir-Delamer." She rose. "That's my John Finality manner, Miss Onora. Isn't it horrid?"

Again the little hand was passed swiftly over the shining eyes.

Miss Onora said nothing. She had no belief that Miss Harden would add her entreaties to those of her brother, and the curious ideality of Ellen in this matter perplexed even her.

CHAPTER LXIII.—"YEA AND NAY, AND FAITH AND TROTH."

THE day after that on which Miss Harden had drunk tea at Woodbine Cottage, Rotha, who was still a guest there, set out alone on a walk into the open country, having tried in vain to induce Ellen to quit a hammock in which she was swinging.

"You're so energetic, Rotha," wailed Miss Weir-Delamer, whose inhospitable refusal to accompany her guest was not without its motive—Ellen was aware that Rotha was not the only person who loved to stroll afiel about this hour, and, for the first time in her life, was scheming. "Go without me just to-day, dear," she added, "and bring me back a bunch of buds and bells."

"No," Rotha answered severely. "I will bring you nothing, Ellen, but I will bring Miss Onora a nosegay."

Now this is just what Rotha in the sequence did not do, though she spent all a morning picking flowers. The nosegay which she gathered first was made of eyebright and purple and pink heather, and campanulas and field gentians. It was not bright enough. She added to it yellow-wort and ox-eyes, and marigold and chicory and madder. It had become a big thing, but she made it bigger, putting to it meadowsweet and flowering nettle and marjoram and wood-germander, and all the family of mint—peppermint, spearmint, and penny-royal. Suddenly she realised that she had strayed to a great distance. She looked about her and calculated that the shortest way home would be across some fields in which cattle were grazing. She made for the first of these. A young cow was munching herb, with head posed on the stile, apparently for no reason but that she was as lazy as David Lawrence's dog that leaned his head against a wall to sneeze. About the field lay some black cows, mottled with white. The air was very still, and only at long intervals and from full-blown flowers the petals fell softly, like snow. Rotha, brought to a pause amid the quiet of the scene, felt no impatience, but gave the stile that look which deplores that where one body is another cannot be. Ellen would have chanted a remonstrance, and have tried to bring the cow to reason by gently setting forth the manifest unfairness of her monopolising the roadway. As this thought came to Rotha's mind, and she contrasted mentally the small light-filled face of Ellen with the large and very impervious face of the cow, she smiled softly, and as she did so observed that the repose of the young animal also broke up. It lifted its

head from the stile and fled, making the curious burlesque of the kangaroo bound that only a frightened cow can make. Rotha turned round in search of the explanation of this phenomenon, and saw John Searle at some thirty paces from her describing circles in the air with his walking-stick. She signalled her thanks, and seated herself on the ridge of the stile. John joined her, and took his seat on the step.

"I didn't know you were frightened of cows, Rotha," he said.

"I hope you do not imagine you know it now, John," she answered.

John had imagined he did, and was silent.

"I was merely wondering," Rotha continued, "which of us two—that white creature with the horrible albino eyes" (she pointed to the cow, which had ceased bounding, and had lapsed into a Canterbury gallop along the hedge-side) "or I was, in the end, going to yield to the other."

John laughed.

"I had the pleasure of deciding that, Rotha."

"Yes; and I have now possession of the stile. I will let you cross it, John."

"Don't, please."

The bright sun was all about them as John said this.

"I want to ask you something," he added. "May I?"

"You know what you want to ask, and so must best know that," Rotha answered quietly.

"I want to know, Rotha"—John looked up at her face, bright with the sun upon it—"if you still love Rowan Archdale."

Rotha's frank eyes met his, and no colour came to her forehead, but her mouth straightened as she met his question with another.

"Can it be that you think me the sort of woman, John, who would go through life loving the husband of another?"

"I have heard it said that these things will not be controlled," John answered, not taking his eyes from the brave face, nothing in which bade him look away.

"So have I; but I know what I know in spite of that. As if there were anything" (the proud mouth curled) "that would not be controlled by—"

"By you—starting from a white cow with—what was it?—'horrible albino eyes.'"

A short laugh broke from John.

"Have you ever, Rotha," he added, "tried to control something and failed?"

"No—at least I don't think so," came the answer, followed by the quiet confession: "There are things I don't try to control, John."

"And yet you ask of others—*No, Rotha!*" (She made a move to leave the stile.) "Not yet!" He held both her hands and drew her towards him. No word of remonstrance was uttered. . . .

In sight of Woodbine Cottage, Rotha remembered Miss Onora's flowers. They had fallen beside the stile, forgotten.

"Poor Picciolas! you must fetch them, John," she said. It was her first command to him as her betrothed, and he smiled, wondering vaguely why she called wild-flowers Picciolas.

On their return to the Cottage they were received by Mrs. Simmons, loud in her lamentations at the lateness of the hour, and expansive on the subject of a meal of the kind that never is, but, by a curious fatality, always *has been* in the case of an alibi, when the cook is such as was this dame. Ellen, listening from an open window to the description of the symposium represented as having been kept on the table waiting for Miss Fleetwood till petrification had set in, laughed jubilantly, so wickedly did she relish what she felt must be Rotha's discomfiture. She pictured the state of the latter passing from dismay to haughty indignation, and waited with curiosity for the word from her which would annihilate Mrs. Simmons. It did not come. In the midst of bewailing that such viands as she had put by were scarcely worth setting before Miss Fleetwood and the gentleman, Mrs. Simmons, struck by the smiling faces which looked into hers, paused suddenly, because, very foolish old woman though she was in Jooly's eyes, it became evident to her that, in these two, hunger and thirst were satisfied to the point at which it seems that hunger and thirst will never again form part of life. Fifty years before, with one whose head was now as white as hers, this old woman had been as happy as were they. She left them, laughing softly and kindly, and made herself bearer of the news to Ellen and Miss Onora. They learnt it with no surprise.

CHAPTER LXIV.—A LETTER FROM BRIDE.

THE long summer days were over, and Rotha had returned to Canterbury with Miss Onora, while John and Ellen had sped back to London, where work awaited each. A silence had fallen upon the breakfast-party at the Red House. It was one of those brittle silences that one feels may be broken at any moment, and Miss Onora broke it. Looking from one to the other of the two who sat with her at the breakfast-table, she said, with her quick smile, with a very bad imitation of the Carlylian accent, and ludicrous substitution of an endearing term for the Caledonian "mon"—

"Eh, dears, but we've had a grand think!"

This was what had actually been the case. The morning's postal budget, the excitement of the day at the Red House, had consisted of one letter to Rotha. Miss Mariabella, always the first to appear in answer to the breakfast-bell, had taken it up and scanned it.

"From Marseilles—from Bride. H'm!"

This was said aloud. Miss Mariabella was becoming an old lady, and was beginning to do all the things that old ladies do. One of these is to show a deeper interest in the doings of young ladies than young ladies show in the doings of ladies young or old. Another is to utter thoughts aloud. These two habits underlay her taking up of the letter and her commenting on it. It was still in her hand when Miss Onora entered, late—not that she had risen late, for she was always the first in the house to rise, but from a habit, not vicious perhaps (one does not like to apply the term "vicious" to Miss Onora), but foolish, and

to Miss Mariabella very trying—the said habit being to flit about the garden with the early birds—this even in winter—with the unhappy result of being all but invariably at the farthest end of it when the breakfast-bell rang, and sent her speeding home, at her very quickest, but that no quicker than a sparrow's very slowest. I wish I could make you see how Miss Onora picked up her skirts and ran past and through the chrysanthemums—sometimes through the snow—at the sound of the breakfast-bell, but I find it will not be done with pen and ink. On this occasion she took, as usual, the letter from Miss Mariabella, scanned it, and made also a comment on it.

"From France—from Bride. Heigho!"

There is a "heigho" which means "h'm," and a "h'm" which means "heigho," which being so, it may be said that Miss Mariabella and Miss Onora had made very much the same comment on Bride's letter. When Rotha entered the breakfast-room—latest, with youth's privilege—she found the letter on her plate; but she was as fully aware as if she had seen it, that Miss Mariabella and Miss Onora had both scanned the envelope. She put it on one side, and began her breakfast. Then began the silence. It was just as if all the flavour had been taken out of Miss Onora's breakfast, and as if all unpleasant flavours had been put into Miss Mariabella's. Miss Onora's tea tasted of nothing, and Miss Mariabella's tasted of soot, with a dash of paraffin. The explanation of this is to be found in Shakespeare. *Thinking made it so.* Both ladies were "exceedingly pained" and "exceedingly disappointed," and fell to thinking.

They had thought hard for some ten minutes, Rotha occupying herself in a similar way, all three of them taking breakfast the while, when the silence reached that tenseness which precedes sudden breaking.

Then it was, as has already been said, that Miss Onora exclaimed, "Eh, dears, but we've had a grand think!" under the impression that in thus misquoting Carlyle she was talking Carlylese. As she spoke, she smiled. According to Ellen Weir-Delamer, when one saw Miss Onora smile it became possible to believe that one lived in a star. At sight of the smile on Miss Onora's face, and at sound of her thin sweet voice trying to swell to the fulness of Thomas Carlyle's, the rigidity of Miss Mariabella's face broke up, and Rotha, laughing softly, took up the letter and opened it.

This was all that Miss Onora and Miss Mariabella wanted her to do, for what they wanted to know was only if the letter contained good news or ill. This they could gather from Rotha's looks as she read, and these they could see without close peering, Miss Onora with her face bent, and Miss Mariabella with her face half averted. How, under these circumstances, they managed to see anything—the wonder being that they saw all things—I am unable to say. The ancients represent love as blind, and one Argus, not at all a lovable person, as having had a hundred eyes. There seems to be some terrible mistake here, for there are women living, the whole world over, whose lives are nothing but love, and to whom are given a hundred eyes merely in virtue of that fact. Nothing could

make me believe that Miss Onora and Miss Mariabella had less than a hundred eyes where that loved child of theirs, Rotha, was concerned. Rotha's face, they observed, grew grave as she read.

"It's as I expected," she spoke thoughtfully, without lifting her eyes. "Rowan has quite determined to settle in England. He doesn't want to stay in Marseilles more than a week, and they are giving up the Villa."

Miss Onora carefully avoided looking at Miss Mariabella.

"Then Mrs. Hale is coming to England, too?"

"Yes." Rotha referred to the letter again.

"She will live with them."

"Always a mistake that," Miss Mariabella said. Rotha took no notice of the remark.

"Bride wants you and me," she said, addressing Miss Onora, "to spend with her her last days at the Villa. They leave it in a fortnight."

Miss Onora looked surprised.

"Has Mr. Archdale returned, my dear?"

"No, but he is on his way back. They expect him next week. Miss Onora, I am going. Will you go with me?"

"Yes."

The answer was given simply, gravely. Three years prior to this almost the same words as these had passed between Rotha and Miss Onora. Rotha had received a gift of flowers from her grandfather, and had desired to go to him. She had asked of Miss Onora to go with her, and Miss Onora had consented; and they had found Colonel Fleetwood dead. Many things had happened in the more than thousand days that had passed since then, but at this moment the words "Miss Onora, will you go with me?" and Miss Onora's quiet answer "Yes," came back to Miss Mariabella with strange clearness.

The Rotha of that day, fresh from college, had seemed a girl. As a girl she had left the house, and as a woman she had returned to it. Great sorrow had come upon her, and the girlishness had left her face. The deep gravity which had always marked it had become intensified. The face had perhaps gained in beauty, in meaning, but it had lost in youth. Miss Mariabella's kind heart had ached to note the difference, and, as Rotha now repeated herself, and Miss Onora repeated herself, and, as it were, the episode of three years back repeated itself—Rotha for a second time being bent upon doing a thing fraught with infinite pain—the idea came to her, How would it this time end?

And then came the indignant question, What was Onora thinking of that she should say not a word of remonstrance, but simply "Yes"? The tears were burning behind Miss Mariabella's eyes. It was the greatest wonder that they did not fall.

They did fall afterwards, but, in spite of this fact, Miss Onora set out with Rotha for Marseilles.

CHAPTER LXV.—MISS ONORA AND ROTH ARRIVE IN MARSEILLES.

ROTH'S face expressed surprise and alarm. She was standing on the Marseilles platform with Miss Onora.

"Very odd," she said, "that there should be no

one to meet us. Do you think that anything has happened?"

Miss Onora had hailed a porter, and was directing him to remove such baggage as was still in the railway-carriage. She was a student of French literature, and knew the language well, theoretically, but, face to face with a native of France, her French took wings to itself, with the exception of three phrases which the Briton never forgets, and which, as pronounced by him, and as they were pronounced by this lady, are "see voo play," "je voo remursy," and "cum sah." Miss Onora found that "cum sah" sandwiched between "see voo play" and "je voo remursy," spiced with a smile or two, or, in the case of the more sordid, a small coin or two, got done for her in France all that she wanted done. Having made this discovery, like the simple philosopher that she was, she did not rack her brains to recall finer phrases.

"Yes, it's a little odd," she said, an anxious look flitting over her face, "but we will hope the best. Perhaps they never received our last letter. Don't you think, dear, this man could get us a cab?"

"Yes."

Rotha was about to give directions, when a cab-driver, with whom she had an old acquaintance, came along the platform. He had a long story to tell. Madame Archdale had bidden him drive back for Mademoiselle. Madame had herself been coming, but had missed her footing on the step of the carriage—a most extraordinary thing, in view of the singularly perfect mechanism of the vehicle—here a long digression. Madame had fallen heavily, and had been carried back to the house.

Rotha's face had become very white.

"Come along—*allons!*" Miss Onora exclaimed, forcing herself to speak cheerfully, and pronouncing the French verb so as to make it sound curiously like the English adverb. "The dear child, it is evident, has sprained her foot—the wonder to me is that more accidents don't happen with these gee-gaws which they call fiacres. We won't despair yet. Tell the coshy, dear, to drive us as quickly as he can without spilling us on the road." "Coshy" was with Miss Onora the French for "cabby," and what the word lacked in fine Parisian sound, it gained in pretty English sound.

Rotha gave the message, wisely omitting the modifying clause, and not many minutes later Miss Onora and she were speeding on their way to the Villa Meunier, in the doorway of which they were received by Mrs. Hale, who, voluble but incoherent as ever, welcomed her visitors cordially, asked several questions, and embarked on several remarks, scarce one of which she completed, lapsing midway in the utterance of them into smiling contemplation of her guests.

Miss Onora made herself spokeswoman for Rotha, and asked permission for her to go straight to Bride's room.

"Yes, certainly—that room, Rotha—it was a bad fall, poor girl, and—"

Rotha had departed in the direction of the room indicated, this making it unnecessary for Mrs. Hale to continue her narration, which she would probably not have done in any case.

"You will like to come to your bedroom," she said to Miss Onora, leading the way to the room in question. "It's so nice——"

This was added as she paused on the threshold.

"Yes, it's a charming room," Miss Onora assented agreeably, but blundering in the matter.

It would have filled Miss Onora with astonishment, and she would probably have found no words to say, if an English hostess had drawn her attention to the charms of her visitor's room. It did not surprise her in Mrs. Hale, for Mrs. Hale was an Irishwoman, licensed as such. Mrs. Hale looked taken aback. She had not in the least intended to praise the room prepared in her house for Miss Onora.

Time had dealt very kindly with this beautiful woman. The years had sprinkled her soft brown hair with silver, had drawn lines on her quiet forehead, and made tenser the quiet mouth; but her complexion was still very delicate, and her face had kept its soft outline. The most marked characteristic of it was still the same, that elevation of the brows in chronic protest, the trouble in the lips, that old trouble of us Celts, which makes us of all beings upon the earth the most—let me use one of our own favourite words—distressful, which underlies our mournful music and yet more mournful poetry, and in despite of which the Saxons persist in regarding us as the incarnation of cheerfulness.

Miss Onora let Mrs. Hale light all the four candles in the room, without making a protest. It was a remarkable thing for her to do, for, like every one else, she had a small economy. Miss Onora's small economy was candles. She never used more than one candle in her bedroom, and she considered it wasteful and ridiculous excess for anyone else to do so; hence it was really remarkable that she now witnessed without protestation the lighting of four candles. The truth is that, as each candle was lighted, the strange and beautiful face of Bride's mother came into clearer evidence. Finally she went up to Mrs. Hale, thanked her, and kissed her. It was a Saxon demonstration, and somewhat surprising to the Irishwoman, who reddened like a young girl, but looked pleased. When, a moment after, she had left the room, Miss Onora blew out three of the candles, and proceeded with her toilet, not a very complicated matter, the only part of it exacting great attention being the adjustment of a delicate lace headdress which the too often profaned word "cap" does not describe. There was a portion of this which had to come exactly in the front, the whole effect of the thing being marred if it inclined one iota to the left side or the right. It needed a veritable artist in the matter of dressing others, like Miss Mariabella, or a really good mathematician, like Rotha, to gauge the places in which the lace should be pinned, to bring the aforesaid portion precisely to the centre. Miss Onora, after spending not a little time over it, felt miserably her incompetency, and the truth of that philosophy which lays down that man is, and must be, a dependent animal. Taking with her in one hand the dainty headdress, and in the other two hair-pins of the kind named "invisible," she crossed the narrow passage to Bride's room, and knocked.

She felt no great alarm concerning Bride, for while she had been dressing she had heard voices and laughter.

CHAPTER LXVI.—BRIDE HAS A RECEPTION.

"WELL, it's evident that neither of you is past hoping for, my dears," was Miss Onora's remark, as she entered Bride's room in answer to a cheery "Come in!"

"Oh, but I am, Miss Onora," Bride answered. "I'm very ill in my foot, and can't get up to kiss you. When I move, it's like slow sawing." Miss Onora tried to look sympathetic only, but the simile took her aback. "Otherwise it's not so bad," Bride added cheerfully.

"How did it happen, dear child?"

"Can't say. I fell off the carriage step, and came down on my head. Something in my head is still fizzing away, and I don't feel quite right somehow."

"Apart from the slow sawing? That is bad. You've been talking and laughing too much."

Miss Onora, as she spoke, looked anxiously at Bride. She made a very pretty picture in her white loose robe, with her brown loose hair, her feverish face, and great dark eyes half full of pain. It was a picture which contrasted strangely with that which was made by Rotha, in her dim travelling dress, with all the heaviness of late journeying in her face, from which the lovely hair was, as usual, drawn away too tightly, and brushed and braided out of all softness. Miss Onora, in midst of her anxiety for Bride, took fire for her own child.

"You don't look pretty, my dear," she said, looking at the dim dress. "I don't like you in that travelling gear, and want you to make yourself look nice when"—she smiled, and extended the hair-pins—"you have made me look nice."

"What a vain thing it is, isn't it?" Rotha exclaimed, with her rare and charming laugh, addressing the remark to Bride as she pinned Miss Onora's lace. "No, Miss Onora," she added, "I'm not going to change my dress. Mrs. Hale has given me leave to stay just as I am with Bride for another hour. She is then to be put to bed. By the way, somebody's knocking, Bride."

The door was pushed slightly open.

"Come in, come in, whoever it is!" Bride cried recklessly.

Her husband entered.

CHAPTER LXVII.—ROWAN'S PENANCE.

THERE are people—and the number of them is far greater than is the number of Cæsars, great moguls, mikados, and the like, the names of whom have been handed down to us, and have become almost synonymous with tyrant—who are accustomed from their infancy upwards to follow their own wills. To them remonstrance of any kind comes with the painful surprise with which Petruchio must have filled the daughter of Baptista, when, on her asking him to stay in Padua, he gave the order, "Grumio, my horse." Rowan Archdale was of these. Through babyhood, boyhood, and



ROWAN ARRIVES UNEXPECTEDLY FROM INDIA.

young manhood, a little court of women had treated him as the king who can do no wrong, and it was somewhat to his credit that, while rarely consulting anything but his own inclinations in his acts, he now and again told himself frankly, in face of trouble brought upon others by this mode of procedure, that he had acted ignobly. He was, however, not accustomed to have this pointed out by others, and that Rotha, who had always been of his unquestioning subjects, could condemn in angry words any action of his, was a discovery fraught with more than astonishment.

The day had been one of great excitement to Bride. Close upon a painful accident had followed the arrival of Rotha—there had been too much talking and laughing, and while, as Bride had put it, something was still “fizzing away” in her head, there entered, wholly unexpected, her husband, after a three years’ absence. Rowan’s action—in Rotha’s indignant phrasing, one only worthy of a lover of mediæval times—had for result that his wife lay before him like one dead, and as, with a poignant regret, he recognised his folly, one who had never had a word of reproach for him added to the bitterness of the moment by exclaiming indignantly—

“How could you, Rowan, be so thoughtless and selfish!”

He did not answer Rotha, but their eyes met. Her voice had been strident to match the angry words; her face was unlovely as it was loveless, or so it seemed to him in the quick glance that he gave to it before looking again at his wife, white as the dress which she wore, and very beautiful, as she lay with small, still face, pale to the sweet round lips. Not all his self-control was proof against his shame. He sank down beside the couch, and covered his face.

Miss Onora, meanwhile, saying nothing, had taken steps to bring Bride back to herself. It was slow work, but at last reassuring signs began to show themselves.

“She is regaining consciousness,” Miss Onora whispered. “Leave the room, please, and send her mother to us. You”—she put out her left hand, and smiled forgivingly—“may look in on us in two hours. It’s an unhappy affair, but quite all the blame is not with you. Go now, please.”

The door had not closed on Rowan many minutes when Bride opened her eyes. She was about to speak, but Miss Onora silenced her.

“Not a word. I absolutely forbid it. If you keep quite quiet for two hours, Rowan shall come and say good-night to you.”

Bride smiled resignedly, and without again

breaking the silence lay looking about her with quiet eyes, with Miss Onora at one side of her, and, after some minutes, her mother at the other. Now and again her glance wandered to a clock on the mantelpiece, and thence to the door. As the clock struck nine, Rowan entered the room softly. Mrs. Hale and Miss Onora exchanged glances, rose, and went over to the window. He sat down beside his wife. She was the first to speak.

"I want to say good-night to you, dear. I don't think I can really say any more. I'm so dreadfully tired."

Her voice sank to a whisper.

He went over to the window.

"Is she to sleep here, Mrs. Hale?"

"No, no; we must carry her to her room, couch and all, if we can. I am strong." Mrs. Hale smiled. "You and I can do it, Rowan."

Truly, the pretty, delicate-faced woman was strong, and words did not fail her in her mother's anxiety. Some minutes later Bride was in her bedroom, and her husband watched beside her bed that night.

Twelve, one, two o'clock struck. The silence in the Villa Meunier became intense, and thought became unbearable. Bride was sleeping soundly, and, for the first time after hours, taking his eyes away from her face, Rowan looked about the room. At two o'clock after midnight a little candle throws its beams very far. The small French candle, which gave all the light that there was in Bride's room, made everything that was in it show with a strange distinctness, or else Rowan's sight, always of the keenest, was better than it had ever been before. The room was furnished as a bedroom and sitting-room, and contained pictures and books in profusion. A writing-table strewn with papers and books attracted Rowan's special attention. Taking the candle with him, he walked over to it softly. On the centre of it was a picture of himself, throned on two books, one a handsome leather-bound volume, inscribed, in type, "Telegraphy," the other a parchment note-book, slightly bulged from being interleaved, and inscribed, in manuscript, "Reviews."

Rowan's face twitched, and he took up one of the books near.

"*PUBLI VIRGILII MARONIS BUCOLICA.*" What an extraordinary book to be on her table!

The thought came with such force that it almost seemed as if he had uttered it aloud, and he glanced at the bed. Bride lay with unaltered face, and he returned to his post, taking the book with him. Some written leaflets dropped from it. Acting on the widespread notion that documents which are not of the nature of letters are not private property, Rowan perused the leaflets. They contained, in the form of an essay, an estimate of the famous eclogues, which were characterised as full of air and sunlight, and grass more soft than sleep—there was a comment on that lovely Virgilian phrase. The essay was a charming one, full of loving appreciation of the subject, expressed in words that had caught something of the lightness and brightness of that poet whose pastorals are bright with morning and midday

and sunny evening, with nothing of night in them, except, perhaps, the stars.

No words will depict the astonishment which spread over Rowan's face as he read. He then replaced the book and leaflets on the writing-table, and glanced at the other books upon it and about the room. There was no lack of novels and modern poetry among them, but in—to him—the most bewildering manner, rubbing shoulders with the novelists and modern poets, were the poets of olden Greece and Rome, most of them in students' editions, and all of them bearing marks of study. It was some time before the meaning of it dawned upon Rowan. When it did, he blew out the light that was in the room, and sat in the darkness. Once a moan broke from him.



ROWAN PERUSED THE LEAFLETS.

In the loneliness and darkness the thing grew clearer and clearer to him. It became evident that day by day, through months and years, Bride, with unparalleled fidelity and devotion, had sought to reach the high level of his tastes. The knowledge which this discovery brought with it so touched and penetrated his nature, that the humbled and sorrowing man in the dark for the first time reached the high level of his wife's heart.

About five o'clock a little light crept through the sky and in at the window. It was full an hour before it brightened into morning light, and from that into daylight. At seven o'clock it fell with great brightness upon everything, and a slant sun-ray, that had lain first across Bride's feet, crept up to her face. Rowan watched it closely, and, before

it reached her eyes, made a movement to darken the bed. The stir waked Bride, and it was as if she and her husband had then met for the first time after all these years.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—*L'Envoi.*

MISS ONORA is back at the Red House with Miss Mariabella, and the Red House is full of guests, Miss Onora doing the honours. Bride and her husband are here, and Ellen is here, John is here, and—in Miss Onora's quiet phrasing—Edward Harden is very attentive to John. Edward Harden has his home near by, and it is only natural perhaps that he should show the doctor some civility.

It is an hour or so after sundown. Miss Onora and Miss Mariabella are playing at draughts at the fireside. It is only mid-autumn, and the two ladies say that it is really not cold enough to make a fire needful, but when it is lighted—and by Rotha's directions it is lighted daily—they move little by little nearer to it, till they are both beside it, which seeing, Rotha says nothing, but smiles closely, a touch of sadness mingling with the smile when she notices, as once in a while she does, how curiously transparent is growing the little hand which every now and again Miss Onora holds to the glow. In a conservatory at the farther end of the room two younger friends are talking. When they raise their voices, one who cared to listen might hear their talk, but they seldom raise their voices.

"Of course I'm glad that Bride and Rowan are happy," Rotha says. "She deserves it. I'm not sure that I think that *he* does. Do you think he does?"

"Yes. It's one of my beliefs that no one ever gets happiness without deserving it. I know it's a priggish sort of idea, rather—" Ellen's drawl became very marked, and a look of constraint passed over her face. She had a curious shame of showing her best self. She looked away from Rotha at the ladies by the fire, and added, laughing,

"Now I know that Miss Onora has got a king, and doesn't like to say it."

"It is a pity that she has not your comfortable theory that she of necessity deserves it," was Rotha's rather dry reply to this.

Ellen looked surprised.

"I was talking of happiness, dear, not of luck, that loathly, common thing that dogs Miss Onora—rather impertinently, I think—at draughts. She has got another king now, and looks heartily ashamed of herself. I think, you know, she's *mar-wid* about it, but it's fine of her."

A moment passed in silence. Then Rotha said, her eyes following the direction of Ellen's—

"I wonder if you and I, dear, will be sitting, years hence, playing draughts like that?"

"Two dear old maids?"—Ellen clasped her hands about her knees—"why, no. I shall be married; for I am engaged. You mustn't be vexed, dear, that I only tell you now." (Rotha

had looked surprised and hurt.) "I meant to tell you the first thing when I arrived to-day, but we began to talk of other things."

"You are engaged to Mr. Harden, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Harden. I call him Hugh. His second name. I like the name of Hugh. The exquisite long vowel pleases me—*Hugh! Hugh!*"

She lifted her voice and repeated the name, making much of the exquisite long vowel, and experiencing, it was evident, a keen artistic pleasure.

"Who's calling?" Miss Mariabella asked in surprise.

"Nobody." Ellen went forward. "We were talking of the name of 'Hugh.' Don't you like it, Miss Mariabella?"

"Well, no, my dear, I can't honestly say that I do," Miss Mariabella replied, as she looked dismally at her few commoners and Miss Onora's many kings. "It sounds to me very much like 'you.'—Onora, I'm waiting for your move."

"'Hugh' like 'you'! Oh, no, Miss Mariabella, they're—rhymes, but nothing more. The vowel-sounds agree, but then there's the beautiful aspirate in Hugh. *H—ugh! H—ugh!*"

Ellen chanted the name, dwelling much on the beautiful aspirate, as she flitted back to the conservatory, only pausing for a moment beneath the well-known picture of the Golden Stairs to say "*Burne! Jones!*" as if the very music of this name had gone into her being.

Miss Onora's face quivered, and a smile peeped out from between her lips and from behind her eyes. It did not come out and spread itself over her face, as common smiles do on common faces.

Meanwhile Ellen had returned to Rotha, on whose shoulder she put her hand.

"Don't you want to know the details?" she asked.

"I should like to know them," Rotha admitted.

"Well, Hugh didn't propose to me again. I told him not to, because it was a pain refusing him, and I had resolved not to marry him till his sister asked me to. It was a fancy I had. She did so last Wednesday."

Rotha smiled.

"I suppose I may not ask what she said, Ellen?"

"You've done so now, my dear; and indeed I don't mind telling you. She said he was idling away his time, and that she couldn't look on any longer and not speak. He might as well marry, she said."

The smile left Rotha's face.

"That wasn't putting it very graciously, Ellen."

"No. It struck me in the same light, so I said that I had no wish to marry, and began to talk of other things, but she returned to the subject. She said he was fretting himself to a—I think, really, she said a fiddle-string—and she couldn't bear it any longer, and keep silent. She had come to see me to say she thought we really might as well marry. There was more kindness in that, of course, but still I didn't like what she said; so I drew her attention to my loved Santa Lillas and tried to turn the talk upon art. She must be a dear thing at bottom, you know, Rotha, for she simply wouldn't take a refusal. She put her arms about me, and

said—oh, I couldn't tell you what she said; it makes me feel gully still to remember it. So we're engaged, and we're going to be married at once, with her blessing. That makes me feel happier, somehow. I know I'm talking like a prig."

"No, you're not, Ellen. May one offer congratulations?"

"Depends on the sort that are offered, Rotha. Words are mostly a banality, but a kiss is nice."

A kiss was given, and Rotha asked, "What else is there to be told?"

"Nothing, excepting what you have to tell, Rotha. Of course I know everything, but you haven't told me anything."

Rotha had been sitting, and rose. She liked receiving confidences, but took no pleasure in making them. Ellen remained sitting.

"You should have been a queen, Rotha," she said, looking up from her low seat at the tall, fair woman. "You *are* a queen, and I, for my part, shall look upon it as a royal marriage, in spite of John's being a democrat. When are you going to marry, dear?"

Rotha blushed deeply.

"That is our secret," she said; "and now I want you to come into the drawing-room, Ellen. Crouched down there, with your arms about your knees, you look like a sibyl."

"You flatter me," was Ellen's quiet reply.—"*Miss Onora!*" she added, lifting her voice, as she entered the drawing-room.

"Well, Ellen."

"I feel rather oppressively happy, dear. Do you and Miss Mariabella mind if we play some German heartbreak?"

"No."

Miss Onora's face lightened. "German heart-break" was Ellen's name for Schubert's songs, which, forthwith, she began to sing to Rotha's playing, with the result that Miss Onora risked losing one of her kings, a risk which Miss Mariabella with grand generosity pointed out to her, adding with a quaver in her voice:

"You may consider the move not made, dear."

This concession was made to the frenzied music of "*Dein ist mein Herz!*"

Some five minutes later the room was in silence again, and Andersen's moon looked in at the window, quietly. The curtains had been drawn, but Ellen had opened them. She smiled. There had come into her mind a story of Bride as a little girl. "Wouldn't it be nice," the child had said, "if the moon twinkled?"

The moon, it struck Ellen suddenly, was looking very solemn. With that thought came another,

and the sweet face began to work. Many miles away from Canterbury were two who might be looking at this same moon, a boy and a man, the boy telling the man of the moon's great brightness, and the man listening with smiles in his blind eyes.

A mist came suddenly into Ellen's eyes, and she saw neither the moon nor Hugh Harden, who stood beside her, and who had stood beside her for a full minute.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked.

She evinced no surprise at his appearance, and drew his attention to the moon.



HE DREW HIS ATTENTION TO THE MOON.

"Yes, Love," he said, "the sky's alight. What follows?"

"Nothing follows, Hugh. I was only thinking what a big three-quarter thing that moon has grown to be, and that our happiness is like it."

He drew her to him.

"Our happiness is at the full, Love."

"No, Hugh"—the strong moonlight fell on the face raised to his, and he was struck by a great holiness in it—"that cannot be until all are happy with us."

He was silent for a moment, then he said—

"It's a beautiful three-quarters, Ellen."

THE WINGS OF INSECTS.

BY LEWIS WRIGHT, AUTHOR OF "LIGHT" ETC.

V.

LEPIDOPTERA.

WE have now reached the last great order, the *Lepidoptera*, or "scaled wings," in which the mouth is most of all modified from the original mandibulate type. This is the beautiful order containing the Butterflies and Moths. A word first as to these two great divisions of it. It is generally known that we can usually (not always) distinguish a Moth from a Butterfly, by the shape of the antennæ; also that a Butterfly's wings generally stand up over the back, whilst a Moth's generally lie flat, when in repose. But there is



FIG. 34.—FRENULUM OF MOTH.

another interesting difference, usually found in their wings. In the males of the majority of Moths a strong bristle, called the *frenulum* (or "bridle"), grows out of a vein near the front edge of the hinder and under wing, on its top surface, which in flight hooks into curled bristles growing out of the underside of the fore-wing. Fig. 34, which is a view of the under-side of a male Privet Moth, shows on the right-hand side the two as hooked together, and on the other side the two separated. Thus the two wings are held together, a connection which, it has already been remarked, seems necessary to straight

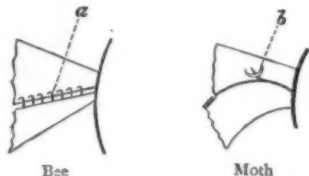


FIG. 35.—WING CONNECTION. (After Graber.)

and powerful flight. Some females are furnished with smaller bristles, but differently arranged; some, however, have none at all; and it is noticeable that none of the females fly with the same vigour and

directness as the bridled males; neither do the Butterflies, whose fluttering uncertain flight we know so well, and in all which (save one or two Australian species, very closely allied to Moths) the frenulum is absent.

It is impossible not to compare this development of a linked connection in the *Lepidoptera*, with that we found in the other late and highly developed order of *Hymenoptera*. The two methods are shown compared diagrammatically in fig. 35, where *a* represents the hooks in the *Hymenoptera*, and *b* the bridle in the male Moth. That a connection between the wings should thus have been developed in two different ways in the two latest orders of insects, otherwise so widely apart in every way, is singularly suggestive and interesting.

Not only do female Moths lack the connecting "bridle" of the males, but in many species the wings are mere rudiments, or even quite absent. Fig. 36 shows the male and female of the small



FIG. 36.—WINTER MOTH.

Winter Moth; and the wings of the female of the well-known Vapourer Moth, and many others, are quite rudimentary. In none of the species of Moths do the females fly so vigorously as the males. In Butterflies the sexes fly alike, though the wings often differ extraordinarily in pattern.

Stripped of their downy covering, the wings of the *Lepidoptera* are transparent and membranous like others, and, as in other orders, the pattern of the veining serves to distinguish genera and species; but details of this kind would have no interest for the ordinary reader. We must turn rather to the great banner of the order. The colours and patterns we so admire differ from those we have found in beetles and frog-hoppers, in the fact that all can be rubbed off as apparently fine dust; and everybody knows that this dust, when sufficiently magnified, assumes the character of regular scales. Taking, for example, the wing of a small Tortoiseshell Butterfly (or any other will do), and rubbing away the down from a small spot, even a strong pocket magnifier will show that the scales are arranged in rows, overlapping somewhat like the slates on the roof of a house (fig. 37). Every single

scale has a tiny stalk, which grows out of the membrane, but is not attached very firmly; and in the

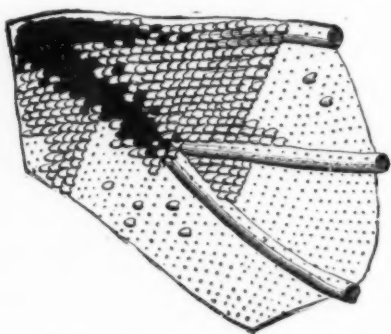


FIG. 37.—SCALES ON A WING (MAGNIFIED).

rubbed spots will be seen the rows of tiny holes, where the stalks have been attached.

These scales are of all shapes and sizes in different insects, two or three being represented as enlarged under the microscope in fig. 38. They also differ in colour, in different parts of a patterned wing. Among the largest scales to be found in England are those of the *Convolvulus Hawk-moth*, shown in fig. 39. These are very nearly one-twentieth of an inch long, which is quite unusually

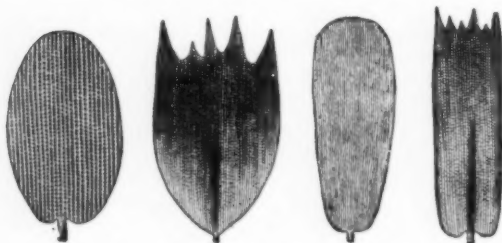


FIG. 38.—VARIOUS SCALES (GREATLY MAGNIFIED).

large. Scales cover the body as well as the wings, and give to most moths a furry appearance of being quite warm and comfortable. The colours of the scales in most British species are real; but in *iridescent* butterflies and moths the colour is produced by interference of light, as in the iridescent beetles; the scales being either very thin, like a soap-bubble, or covered with very fine striations, like mother-of-pearl.

Such, then, is the great trade-mark of this splendid order; and yet we shall have quite a wrong idea if



FIG. 39.—SCALES FROM CONVOLVULUS HAWK-MOTH ($\times 20$).

we conclude that the scales on the wings divide the Lepidoptera from other insects by any such hard-

and-fast lines as we might hastily suppose. Nature shows no such sharp lines of demarcation. We have seen already the strange occasional resemblances to the very marked characteristic of the Diptera, from most widely removed orders of insects. It is the same in regard to these scales. A scale is only a particular development of a hair. Fig. 39 represents a series of scales, as they appear under the microscope, which have all been taken from the *very same individual specimen* of a Moth, already alluded to as possessing scales of large size. It will be seen that there is an unbroken gradation, beginning from a single hair, and going on to wider and wider scales, with several teeth at the end. Now the wings of many other insects, which to the unaided eye appear clear, are when magnified seen to be studded all over with hairs, on the membrane as well as upon the veins.



FIG. 40.—PSYCHODA ($\times 10$).

Fig. 40 is a magnified representation of a tiny Midge, which, it will be seen, is very hairy indeed, and which (though belonging to the Diptera) might, in general appearance, pass for a small Moth. Fig. 41 is a still more magnified representation of the wing of a Gnat, which is seen to be loaded with hairs. Those on the nervures or

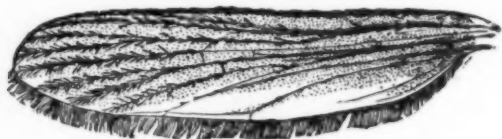


FIG. 41.—WING OF GNAT ($\times 15$).

veins, and also on the body, really become actual scales, in no essential respect differing from butterfly scales. The wings of flies, and bees, and wasps, when magnified, are all seen to be studded with hairs; and the hairy-fringed Caddis-flies have already been mentioned as a connecting link, in other respects also, between the Neuroptera and the Moths.

On the other hand, in many of the Lepidoptera the scales are sparser than usual, so that the wing appears semi-transparent. Fig. 42 shows a bit of wing magnified, in which the scales do not overlap; though none have been rubbed off, they all stand apart or detached, as much so as the hairs on a fly's wing, and hairs are seen among them. Modification of the scaled character is carried, however, much farther than this in many Lepidoptera, and especially among the Moths. Fig. 43 represents (natural size) two kinds of what are called "Plume Moths," not at all uncommon in our gardens during summer. In both, the main nervures or veins branch apart very near the root, each carrying its own portion of wing; and the scales are so long and hairy in character, that each plume resembles a

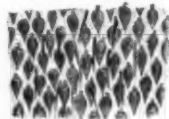


FIG. 42.—PORTION OF WING. (*Satyrus proserpina*.)

feather. There is another most remarkable family, called the Clear-winged Moths, which possess hardly



FIG. 43.—PLUMED MOTHS.

any scales at all. Fig. 44 represents one (natural size) of the *Sesia* tribe. As they emerge from the chrysalis, they have more or less scales; but these drop off after the wings are used, leaving the membranes nearly clear. Thus it is that most sharp distinctions fail us in nature, and one form more or less resembles some other, from which in essential respects it may be widely removed.



FIG. 44.—CLEAR-WING MOTH.
(*Sesia apiiformis*.)

The *Sesia*, in fig. 44, is also a good example of another most interesting fact; the extraordinary extent to which *protective mimicry* is carried amongst some insects, but especially among the Lepidoptera. We have had examples already in the Diptera; the Wasp and Bee Flies strangely resembling their more formidable archetypes. It can be seen, even in the engraving, how closely the Clear-winged Moths also resemble Wasps and Hornets, and in the natural colours the resemblance is still more striking; there can be little doubt that it is protective. Butterflies and Moths are most helpless of all insects, having absolutely no weapons, and being so conspicuous. It is probable that their principal characteristic of being covered with hairs and horny scales, of itself makes them more repulsive as food; for very hairy caterpillars are rarely eaten by birds. The strange forms of many butterfly wings seem also designed to produce that irregular fluttering we know so well, which makes it so hard to catch a butterfly; while the conspicuous colours fasten attention on the wings, so that if a bird should make a dart at the insect, the body very probably may be missed. Mimicry is, however, a more

subtle protection. The Lepidoptera offer many examples of that resemblance to their immediate surroundings, so striking and wonderful in the well-known Walking Leaves and Stick Insects of the East. The resemblance of helpless and innocent Moths to the really dangerous and dreaded Wasps and Bees, is more wonderful still. Yet it again is surpassed in complexity by cases with which this order is crowded, of the most extraordinary resemblances to other equally innocent and helpless Lepidoptera, but which are believed to be disagreeable as food, and therefore protected, both as regards themselves and their imitators.

This subject of protective mimicry is an attractive one, and would be strictly proper to our own, since it is the wings which are chiefly concerned in it; but it is too large to enter upon here, and has moreover been treated in illustrated articles (by Mr. Wallace and others), which will be already familiar to many readers. Our own space is exhausted. Even this short outline may perhaps lead some to take more pleasure in observation of the world of nature around them. It has further been attempted to show how much of interest may be found in an intelligent general consideration and study of such a section of it as the Insect group, without any pretension to the detailed knowledge of a professed entomologist, and from some general point of view rather out of the usual beaten track. It will have been seen, it is hoped, that the vast and infinitely various World of Insects is no chaotic mob, but an orderly family. It has its relationships in the present: it has had its ancestors in the past. No chance produced the curious variety found in it; orderly laws have effected everything, and some of these laws we have found pregnant with meaning for ourselves. Most intelligent people have ceased now to hear with any dread of the so-called "laws of Nature," and learnt to regard the phrase as but an expression for the mediate and uniform Methods of a Providence, which would otherwise make impossible all efforts to conform to it. But it may be hoped that some will not have read thus far without a somewhat more vivid conception of what must be *in* "laws," what must be *behind* "laws," which whenever and so far as we understand them seem so simple, yet work out such various results, and such far-reaching consequences. Should so much be effected, it may perhaps be sufficient result from the necessarily brief sketch here concluded.



Second Thoughts on Books.

Can the Gift of the Poet be Defined? The question of what constitutes the peculiar gift of the poet, though often raised, has never perhaps been satisfactorily answered. And this is not hard to understand when it is apprehended that that which is of the very essence of the poet, the afflatus which moves him, the inspiration which stirs him, is intangible, undefinable as other aspects and manifestations of genius.

Keble,¹ it seems, would have had it that it is the *theme* which makes the poet; that he, struggling with some overmastering emotion, some "dominant feeling," is constrained to find voice as a relief for these. And so he goes on with erudition to contend that Homer was a poet, a "primary poet," overmastered with a feeling of "sad regret for the heroic age;" that Æschylus was swayed by "a hearty love of fighting . . . and a sense of the mystery which hangs over human life." Sophocles' claim as a primary poet, again, he bases upon his love of home and early associations; Euripides wins rank in that he introduces poetry into daily life. And so on through a learned and careful criticism of Pindar, of Lucretius, and of Virgil, with whom his examination of the classical poets ends.

Now that Keble's theory, though perhaps useful and certainly ingenious in its inquiry into the keynote of each singer's singing, is bald and insufficient is apparent even from his own illustrations. For what does he mean in defining the dominant note of Euripides by telling us that he is a true poet because he brings poetry into the details of common life? Surely this is a manifest begging of the question. The fact is that no overpowering theme, even backed with "expression by metrical words," can be sufficient to constitute a poet. He may have or be given his subject, and he may have the most entire mastery of the "expression by metrical words," and yet for all that the music of poetry may be lacking, the soul of it be void. And this we recognise when the poetry awakens no corresponding thrill within us; when it has no power to coerce, to charm, to inspire, to soothe, to move.

¹ See chapter on "The Professor of Poetry" in "John Keble, a Biography," by Rev. Walter Lock.

It may be a body, wanting in no organic part, whole and complete—yet is it dead.

And that the presence of a theme, however overmastering, is totally insufficient to mould a poet is self-demonstrable. Else were all our great thinkers poets; whereas, with the exception of Robert Browning, whose claim as a poet again is mainly supported by his claim as a thinker, none of our modern poets and few of the ancients have been great or original thinkers. Shakespeare excepted, in poets we more generally find such a distribution and grouping of current thought as shall fit them for more popular assimilation; although it may hold true that the best poets are those roused by the highest, the noblest themes.

But that great thinkers are oftener clumsy poets is unhappily more true than the reverse. Mark Carlyle; his gigantic mighty thought becomes not only awkward but almost droll when he tries to clothe it in verse. And the same may be asserted of Emerson, a thinker who has influenced more than one generation; of Thoreau, and of others. Unhindered by verse these men proclaim their mission with no uncertain tones. Their prose is charged with thought. They are each clearly possessed of a theme. But when the theme forces them to "expression by metrical words"—to the unbiassed it might seem that it was they who were forcing the theme! And with all due respect to Aristotle and the former Professor of Poetry, the singer's ambitious flight ends in an unseemly sprawl.

On the other hand, the sweetness of a mere jangle of words conveys often the notion of a truer poetry. Who shall define the effect produced on him by some tender playful old-world conceit, or the chord that is set vibrating by the mere musical dressing, a happy choice of words, in which is clothed some obvious theory or remark? When all but the chosen few stumble in the intricate mazes of "The Ring and the Book," or grow but very gradually to comprehend the subtleties of "Abt Vogler" and even the clearer philosophy of "Rabbi Ben Ezra," whose heart has not leapt spontaneously to some simple ballad, or divined the hidden spirit of some song of nature? What is there in Blake's "Lamb" that we should

recognise in it at once true poetry? The theme is not exalted; the metre something rough.

"Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?"

"Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!"

This is not exalted verse. It even disregards one of the most obvious rules of poetry when "lamb" is made to rhyme with "name." And yet in its artlessness, its simplicity, its confident sympathy with childhood, and its outlook from thence upon childhood's world; in the music of its language and even in the rhythm chosen, a rhythm somehow indicative of the sportive uneven trip of young things, it is self-declared poetry.

Again, let the severe Watts melt to a tender mood. Apart from his more distinctly religious songs, take his "Cradle Song." Here again the inspiration may be said to lie in a reverent tender pity; yet the chief characteristics which make Watts a poet can scarcely be distinguished in such a verse as—

"Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen feed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger;
Here's no ox a near thy bed!"

That music, that poetry again may be conveyed merely by the melodious mingling of words is often exemplified. Take Swinburne:

"It will grow not again, this fruit of my heart,
Smitten with sunbeams, ruined with rain,
The singing seasons divide and depart,
Winter and summer depart in twain.
It will grow not again, it is ruined at root,
The blood-like blossom, the dull-red fruit;
Though the heart yet sickens, the lips yet smart,
With sullen savour of poisonous pain."

This verse (from the "Triumph of Time"), chosen almost at random, sufficiently indicates the poet's power. The thought expressed is in itself perfectly commonplace. But it is clad "in a vesture of gold, wrought about with divers colours."

How this same faculty accounts for the poetry of Keats need scarcely be pointed out. It is not his theme, but the language in which he sets forth his theme which is poetical. Rossetti, mystical and musical, may claim both advantages; and Spenser, of the olden day, triumphs as poetic presenter of poetic fancy. In notes such as these it is impossi-

ble to quote instances from all the names chosen. But let any reader dip for himself into the rich pages of the writer of the "Faery Queen," let him examine more closely some of the gems of the "Amoretti," or "The Shepherd's Calendar," let him follow word by word the "Epithalamion," and we are convinced his judgment will be that it is not on account of a theme, but as a sweet singer of sweet things that Edmund Spenser made and holds his fame.

To return once more then to our point of attack, and sum up the conclusion of our argument. Keble, himself who gave us our text, inspired by the tenderest and deepest devotion, never rises to poetry. Compare the laboured measure of his verses with the spontaneous melody of Christina Rossetti's Christmas Carol. It is not Milton's questionable theology, or Shakespeare's knowledge of and sympathy with widely varying human character, whereby they are poets. Neither Swinburne's voluptuousness, nor Spenser's conservative and fatiguing loyalty to his Queen, account for their music. Nor William Morris's theories nor George Herbert's deep religiousness make them poets. It is often in the hackneyed well-worn theme, in the chance suggestion, in the ripple of mere melody, that the soul of the song, the poetry, rings truest. The gift, the inspiration of the poet, cannot be reduced to score any more than can the free songs of the birds in spring-time.—E. E. O.

Literature and Travel. To the lover of humankind one great charm of travel lies in the personal associations which it kindles in our thoughts. No part of the civilised world is without its historical sanctities, witnessing to the struggles and wars, the triumphs and the pains and joys of progress, which it has seen. But there are in most regions also special shrines of literature, particularly of poetry. The city of Florence thrills us with memories of Dante and Beatrice; old Bristol touches us with tenderness for Chatterton—

"the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride,"

or for Tennyson's "lost Arthur," whom

"The Danube to the Severn gave,"

when the death of Hallam brought spiritual quickening to a thousand souls through "In Memoriam." We feel a certain gratitude to those fair scenes which have inspired such poems as Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," Longfellow's "Belfry of Bruges," or Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The sight of Lake Leman knits us closer to the storm-beaten soul of Byron, as its placid waters won from him the words of rare humiliation and sudden remorse. The treacherous Bay of Naples beckons us where the wild spirit of Shelley was "—borne darkly, fearfully afar"; and, above all, as we roam the "holy fields" of Palestine, the mountains that "stand round about Jerusalem" speak to us of a greater and more immortal literature than that of any modern people; and the voice of that divinest poet, the "sweet singer of Israel," calls in far other tones than any of a later day.—E. W.

THE TOADSTONE.

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "BY HOOK OR BY CROOK," "NO CHOICE," ETC



"DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT MY HUSBAND IS STILL LIVING?"

CHAPTER XVII.—A TERRIBLE MESS.

"Why, this bond is forfeit."—*Shakespeare.*

"IT'S a very awkward piece of business and very unfortunate for everyone concerned."

"Unfortunate for Mrs. Tenant that her husband is still alive?"

"That remains to be proved. I was thinking of you, Mr. Heath."

The scene of this dialogue was a dingy room in the office of Messrs. Weaver & Webb. The senior partner was in conference with the curate of Stone-dale, who had called to tell him of the fact that no vestiges of the missing Tenant were to be found in the Death Hole, and to show him the cigar-case, which seemed to prove beyond a doubt that he did not perish there, as everyone had supposed.

"A very awkward business for you, Mr. Heath," the lawyer said again.

"I am afraid it is. To what extent am I committed?"

"You gave your bond for the whole amount of the policy—five thousand pounds. That was the sum paid to Mrs. Tenant. Of course she will be called upon to refund; but a large part of that sum has been paid away to her husband's creditors."

"And they will not refund, I suppose."

"Oh no, certainly not," said Weaver quickly, thinking perhaps of his own snipe-like bill. "Oh no," he repeated; "that's out of the question."

"Then, I take it, I shall have to pay up?"

"I'm afraid so, unless Mrs. Tenant——"

"Don't apply to her: I would rather let the money go than have her troubled."

"Very kind and generous of you, Mr. Heath, I must say. You can spare it better than anyone else perhaps, being a bachelor; but very few men would treat it so lightly."

A bachelor! The word struck a momentary chill into Mr. Heath's mind. Yes, he was a bachelor, but he did not want to continue in that state of single blessedness. He had counted upon this

legacy to enable him to marry ; but now, before he had been six months in the enjoyment of it, it was to be swallowed up in payment of another man's debts. There was no help for it, however. For Elsie's sake he must let it go ; and for Elsie's sake he would have been content to lose it, but for the fear that he might lose her also. Mrs. Tenant, he knew, could not refund the money which she herself had spent, much less that which had been paid in discharge of her husband's debts. It would be a grievous thing to be deprived of that which still remained, and it was difficult to say how far he was involved with the "Methuselah."

"Do the best you can for us, Mr. Weaver," he said ; "and don't let it be known where the money came from. Mrs. Tenant, I daresay, will not inquire ; she has no idea of business."

"Does Mrs. Tenant know the result of the search?"

"No. We are going there now, Arthur and I, to tell her."

"Ah ! don't let me detain you," said the lawyer, rising and opening the door for him.

It was a difficult task that Heath had undertaken. He could not tell how Mrs. Tenant would receive the information. He might have left it to her son, but Arthur seemed to shrink from it and to lean rather upon his friend's maturer age and discretion. They went therefore together.

They had scarcely entered the room where Mrs. Tenant was, when she began in a lamentable voice to ask whether anything had been discovered. With her it was a foregone conclusion that her husband had perished.

"No," said Arthur cheerfully ; "nothing."

"Ah ! to-morrow perhaps."

"Oh no !"

"What do you mean?"

"There is nothing to discover : no trace of what we feared will be found there."

"But there must be : further search will disclose it."

"No, mother ; set your mind at rest. My dear father did not perish in the quarry."

"Arthur !"

"It is quite true, Mrs. Tenant," said Heath ; "our fears have been without foundation."

"I cannot believe it," said the lady, after a lengthened pause. "He will be found yet."

"I trust so, alive and well."

"What—what ? Don't trifle with me, Mr. Heath. What have you heard ? Don't keep me in suspense. Do you mean to tell me as a fact that my poor husband is still living?"

"He is not in that quarry, Mrs. Tenant."

"Where then?" Then suddenly—"You have found him ! He has returned ! Tell me at once : he is here ! Oh, Henry—"

With a stifled cry and tottering steps she hastened to the door. Her husband had returned—was waiting without, while the intelligence was being broken to her—so she imagined. Mr. Heath interposed.

"I can't tell you where he is," he said sadly ; "alive, I hope ; but where, is as great a mystery as ever."

"If he were alive he would return," she moaned,

sinking into a chair, burying her face in her hands. "You are torturing me. No ! he is dead, drowned, as I have seen him in my dreams and as I saw him in his Den at Pierremont."

"Did you see him at Pierremont?" Heath asked with surprise.

"I am not sure ; I almost thought so ; just as Mrs. Burley had described. I was so overcome, I fancied—I could not be certain. Mrs. Burley saw him ; Mrs. Burley saw him."

"Yes, my dear lady, she saw him alive, as I trust we shall yet. On your part it must have been imagination only."

Then Arthur told her about the cigar-case and where it had been found.

"It was himself that the housekeeper saw," he repeated—"himself in the body. He must have left the room by the window in order to escape pursuit : he is in hiding still, gone abroad, most likely."

"Then why does he not write to me?"

"That might lead to his discovery. We shall hear from him soon. There is no reason to suppose that he is dead. If that had been the case, we should certainly have heard of it."

"But my dreams, my dreams !"

"Dreams only, dear Mrs. Tenant," said Heath ; "natural enough under the circumstances."

"They seemed so real, so vivid !"

"That is usually the case with dreams. One is carried away by them. The impressions they create are more powerful and affect us more strongly than facts which can be understood and tested by our powers of reason."

"You think, then, that he is alive?"

"I do indeed. I feel no doubt about it."

"Arthur, my dear boy, what do you think?"

"I think—I feel sure that my father will return some day."

Mrs. Tenant sat for some time silent, with her hands pressed to her eyes.

"Yes," she said at length, "I think you must be right ; but this uncertainty is terrible. Does Elsie know?"

"I am going to see Elsie now," said Heath, rising and leaving the room.

Arthur remained with his mother while the curate went to Mrs. Bland's. It was not quite Elsie's usual hour for leaving ; but he sent for her and she came away with him. Skirting the heath and deviating from the direct path, as was not unusual with them, Heath told her all that had passed both at the pit and with her mother. When they reached home the tea-table was spread, and Mrs. Tenant was busy preparing the evening meal. She had found time to make some changes in her dress. The widow's cap had disappeared. Her husband would not like to see her in that, she thought, if he should come back, as he might at any moment. The deep crape upon her wrists and skirts had also given place to a less conspicuous style of mourning. She was restless and troubled, and a stranger might have doubted whether the uncertainty and apprehension she now experienced were not more hard to bear than the fatality to which after the lapse of time she had become almost resigned.

The meal was ended and the table cleared, and they were sitting in silence occupied with their own thoughts, when suddenly Mrs. Tenant exclaimed—

"The insurance money! I ought not to have taken it. What shall I do?"

"Leave that to Weaver," Arthur replied; "don't trouble yourself about that."

"It was his doing," she said; "I should never have claimed it if he had not kept on urging me to do so. Your dear father will be so hurt if he hears of it: he will think it so unfeeling of me to have been in such haste to take advantage of his death. It must be put aside for him at once. He will want it when he comes, and it is his, of course, not ours."

They could have reminded her that as long as her husband was alive it could not belong to either of them. The policy would only come into force after his death. They might have told her also that the money they had received would have to be repaid, with interest, to the insurance office; and the premiums also kept up. But these things did not occur to Mrs. Tenant, and it was not worth while to trouble her about them at that moment.

"It's a terrible mess," Mr. Weaver said again, the next day, when Arthur called on him. Fortunately the lawyer had not made up his accounts *re* Tenant's estate, nor presented any statement of receipts and payments. He was therefore able to disguise from Arthur the actual state of the case. "A terrible mess it is," he said; "but it might have been worse. Your mother will have to give up all that is left of the insurance money, of course."

"Of course," Arthur repeated gloomily. "Even that will be a great trouble to her; but as to the rest, the money that has been paid away or spent?"

"As to the rest," said Weaver, knitting his brows as if the problem were a very difficult one—"as to the—rest—well, I must do the best I can. Don't let Mrs. Tenant be troubled about it. I think I can manage it."

"I don't see how."

"You will see by-and-by; it will be all right, all right."

Arthur could get nothing more out of Mr. Weaver, and went away mystified but comforted. It was a good thing, he said to himself, that he had kept his place in Stackpole's office; a good thing, too, that Elsie had been in no hurry to throw up her engagement at Mrs. Bland's. They would want all they could get or earn now. Sooner or later the whole of that money must be repaid to the Methuselah—somehow. Yes; it was a pretty mess. Whatever else Mr. Weaver might say about it, *that* was true.

Weeks passed away. Mr. Tenant's hat and stick had been replaced in the entry, ready for instant use if he should return. He would like to see that they had expected him. If only she could have welcomed him to Pierremont! Not for her own sake, but for his. Never again would she reproach him for anything that he had done to bring them from affluence to poverty. She would have been contented now to spend the rest of her days at No. 4 Eden Terrace, if only her husband

could be spared such inconvenience. So at least she thought.

Would he return? that was the burning question. It was she who had driven him away: she would take all the blame upon herself. Would he come back? There should be no more wrangling about loss of society, change of position. Would he come? It was all in vain to form resolutions while he was absent and she knew not how to make her thoughts and feelings known to him. Day after day, week after week, passed by, and nothing was heard of him.

By Mr. Weaver's advice, advertisements carefully worded had been inserted in the leading papers. The agony column of the "Times" appealed to him in words which he could not fail to understand, if only he should see them; but no good results followed. Some answers had been received, chiefly from detectives, professional and amateur, offering their services to discover and bring back "H. T.," but nothing had occurred that could help them to a solution of their mystery.

Mrs. Tenant was perplexed what to do about her widow's weeds. This was but a minor trouble; but it did not seem so to her. She did not like to keep the mourning by her—that would seem as if she expected to have legitimate use for it. There was something ominous and uncanny in having it there, in her wardrobe, ready for immediate use when wanted. It was like keeping a coffin ready in one's bedroom, as the manner of some is. The coffin will not be occupied any sooner for being in readiness; nor would the widow's cap and crape hasten the fatality which might bring them into use. The ethics of mourning are strange and incomprehensible. The putting on of apparel at such times is in some sort an attempt to give expression to that which most of us would rather keep to ourselves—the grief with which the stranger intermeddled not, or should not intermeddle. It is like an invitation to the world to take part in a private sorrow—a contradiction in itself, yet one which, out of regard for the world's opinion, we dare not set aside. Plumes on a hearse are happily out of date: other "trappings and suits of woe" we carry still upon our backs.

Mrs. Tenant took her mourning out from time to time, inspected it, and aired it: then put it back, with many a sigh, into her wardrobe. It was quite a trouble to her, as were also the broad black-edged paper and envelopes and visiting cards; but they served perhaps to distract her mind from graver thoughts and more serious anxieties.

Mrs. Tenant had, on her return from the seaside, quite made up her mind that Elsie should give up "governessing." She had only allowed her to return to her post at Mrs. Bland's till that lady could engage some one in her stead. Elsie was wanted at home. Moreover, she was engaged to Mr. Heath, and Mr. Heath had protested both to his betrothed and to her mother that this other engagement was unnecessary, and should cease. But now Heath was silent on the subject. He was not less attentive than before—more so, if possible; but he had ceased to offer any objection to Elsie's occupation. He went to meet her frequently in the evening, when he had no more urgent duty to attend

to, and they made the usual roundabout in fine weather, instead of going by a straight path home; but he never talked about his legacy, which was to have smoothed the way to matrimony. The greater part of that had been swallowed up. It did not matter much while he was, as Weaver had said, a bachelor; but under present circumstances he did not feel that he ought to take to himself a wife. He and Elsie were to be married some day or other: that was understood, that was settled. He hoped to get preferment or a sole charge, with a parsonage house. They must wait till that or something else should turn up.

Elsie suggested yet another difficulty. She could not leave her mother and her home while her father was absent; nor could she be married without his consent while he was yet alive.

Altogether, their prospects did not seem very cheerful.

Meanwhile the interest which Elsie had begun to feel in her young pupils served to occupy her mind. The boy, Horace, who had distinguished himself in the pursuit of natural history, was her constant companion, and she did not fail to encourage his predilection. She gave him some interesting objects for his museum, and showed him how to preserve and classify them. And this mania of his, as it was sometimes called, led to very important consequences, in a way that could not have been foreseen.

CHAPTER XVIII.—TRUEMAN.

"Thereby hangs a tale."—*Shakespeare.*

AMONG other "curiosities" which the boy Horace had found and cherished was a toad.

The nurse had once taken it from him and thrown the "nasty thing" away; but Horace went after it, and, having recovered it, kept it in secret places, feeding it with insects and worms. He had a natural-history book and read up all that was to be found in it about toads, tadpoles, frogs, and other reptiles. Sometimes the toad accompanied him in his walks, not running by his side, but carried in his coat pocket wrapped up in a cabbage-leaf, or, for want of that, in a piece of brown paper. Sometimes he lost it in the garden, but found it again, and persuaded himself that the toad knew him and looked out for him, following him "like a little old dog," as he would say, "though not quite so fast."

One morning, while playing with this ungainly pet, he began to talk to Miss Tenant about the creature and its habits.

"How old do you think it is?" he asked.

"Impossible to say."

"He must be a good age, you know; look at his wrinkles. I daresay his hair would be quite white if he had any. Do you think he's a thousand?"

"A thousand years, do you mean?"

"Yes; a thousand years is not much for a toad, is it?"

"What put that into your head?"

"Toads have been found alive in stones where they must have been shut up for hundreds and hundreds of years."

"So it has been said," Elsie replied; "but I don't quite believe that the creatures so discovered could have been in the stone as long as was supposed."

"I don't want my toad to die," said Horace, in a hesitating way, "and I don't suppose he will; but I should not be sorry, for some reasons, if he did."

"Not sorry to lose your pet? Why not?"

"I should have him stuffed and varnished, you know, to put in my museum; but that's not the reason. I should like to open his head and see what's in it."

"What would you expect to find—brains?"

"Yes; and perhaps a stone—a precious stone with the shape of the toad marked on it."

"A precious jewel?" Elsie asked, with some surprise.

"Yes; you know about it, then?" said the boy eagerly.

"I have heard of such a thing, certainly; but how came you to know anything about it?"

"Mr. Trueman told me yesterday. He was dining here, and I went down to dessert. He is such a nice man! He has been everywhere almost, all over the world, hunting and shooting and collecting things. He has brought home a beautiful lot of beetles, and I am to go and see them some day. He recommended me to keep my toad a thousand years at least, that I might see how long it lives. Of course that's nonsense, though, when you come to think of it."

"Well, but about the toad and the jewel?" Elsie said, much interested.

"Toadstone, Mr. Trueman called it; he told me that such stones are said to have been found in the heads of very ancient toads. I don't know whether he was joking or not. I asked him whether he had ever seen one, and he said yes, and told me what it was like: a sort of agate like the balls on our solitaire board; only the shape of a toad and with some curious marks upon it."

"Where is Mr. Trueman? Is he here now?"

"No; but he is coming back this evening. You would like to hear him talk about his travels. He is going to give me some beetles for my museum."

Elsie asked many more questions, but the boy could give her no further information; and Mrs. Bland, to whom she applied, could tell her nothing of what had passed on the subject. She had felt no interest in it, and had paid no attention to it. Mr. Trueman, she said, was a very clever man and very well connected—a cousin of Lord Pumpson. He had travelled a great deal, and had lately returned from she did not know where. It was all nonsense, of course, about the jewel in the toad's head; as well look for one in a swine's snout. Mrs. Bland had jewels in her own head hanging from her ears, and would have worn one in her nose also if it had been the fashion in society; but she did not encourage such ornaments, or such ideas either, in the heads of her children.

Elsie resolved, however, that she would know more about the toadstone which Mr. Trueman professed to have seen, and waited with impatience for Mr. Heath to meet her in the evening. It happened to be one of the few evenings in the

week when he was free from parochial engagements, and he was waiting for her when she left Heatherside a little earlier than usual.

That same evening Mr. Heath and Arthur Tenant called at Mr. Bland's, impatient to hear from the traveller's own lips all that he could tell them about the toadstone and its owner. The company had left the dinner-table; the ladies had glided gracefully out of the room and swept upstairs, and the gentlemen had already followed them into the drawing-room, when a servant entered carrying two cards upon a waiter which he presented to Mr. Trueman.

"Heath, Tenant," said that gentleman, stooping down and looking at the cards as if they had been specimens of some rare kind of beetle, not to be touched with hasty fingers. "I don't know either of those names. Did these people ask for me?"

"Yes, sir, particular; hoped you would be good enough to see them. I told 'em as it wasn't likely at this time o' night."

"It's an unusual hour for callers," said the master of the house, approaching and looking at the cards. "'Rev. Heath'—that's our curate; shouldn't wonder if he wants you to give a lecture or something of the sort, about crocodiles or caterpillars; he has heard of you, no doubt."

"And who is Mr. Arthur Tenant?"

"Oh, he must be Miss Tenant's brother, our governess; she's keen on natural history: butterflies and all that."

"They shouldn't come here at this time in the evening," Mrs. Bland remarked. "You need not see them, Mr. Trueman, of course. I was just going to propose a rubber. Let them come again at a proper hour."

"I think I'll just go down and hear what they've got to say," said Trueman. "I nearly missed a splendid specimen of Hercules beetle when I was at the Cape through not going at once to see a man who brought it: over six inches long it was, horns like the claws of a great black crab; I had no end of trouble to find the owner of it afterwards. Yes, I'll go down, if you'll excuse me. I won't stay many minutes."

A moment later Mr. Trueman entered the dining-room, where Heath and Arthur Tenant were anxiously waiting for him: a man of middle age, brisk in step and manner, with grizzled hair cut close all over his head and standing almost erect like a stubble field; unshaven, but with beard and moustache cropped short; complexion dark, tanned with travel; a bright, inquiring eye, and firm but pleasant lips. He bowed and waited for his visitors to tell their errand.

A few words of apology for the intrusion, and then the object of their visit was made known.

"Toadstone!" he exclaimed, with a look of amusement. "Are you come to call me to account for talking nonsense to a child?"

"We heard that you had seen somewhere abroad a stone having the form of a toad, with some marks engraved upon it, and that it was supposed to have been found in the head of a toad."

"I have seen such a thing; but really it was not worth while to bring me downstairs at this hour to

question me about it. Of course it was a sham; nothing real or genuine about it. You must know that."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Trueman," said Heath. "Admitting that the thing was not what it professed to be, the incident is of the greatest interest to us to Mr. Tenant especially, and to his family."

"Oh, a family relic, I suppose."

"Not exactly so; but—"

"I really ought not to keep my friends upstairs waiting, if you have nothing else to say or to—show me."

"Just one minute!" Mr. Heath exclaimed. Then in a few words he explained how Mr. Tenant, Arthur's father, had mysteriously disappeared, and that he was known to have in his possession just such a rare and curious object as the traveller had described. Whether the toadstone were genuine or not was nothing to the purpose; they did not want to hear about the stone, but about the owner or possessor of it, and to trace him if possible: a son was seeking his father, a wife her husband; this was the first clue they had been able to obtain. It might lead to nothing; but these toadstones, so called, were exceedingly rare, and they could not help thinking or hoping that if they could find the thing which Mr. Trueman had seen it might be the means of tracing their lost relative.

"That alters the case entirely," said Trueman.

"I am at your service as long as you want me. Sit down and let me give you all the information in my power. It was somewhere in South Africa, at Vryburg, I think, that I saw this toadstone."

"At Vryburg! Could my father have gone to Vryburg?" Arthur said.

"As likely as not," Heath replied. "I felt sure that he had left this country."

"It was quite by accident that I caught sight of it," said Trueman. "I met the owner of it at an hotel."

"What was he like?"

"A man of about fifty-five, I should guess; of middle height; long beard."

"A beard?"

"They all wear beards there, except a few who probably wore them in the old country and don't want to be recognised: long beard, ginger colour, but white at the tips."

"Blue eyes?"

"Eyes: I did not notice them much. I remember now that he did not look me in the face; he had a depressed, downcast manner. I had not a fair view of his eyes, and don't remember what they were like."

They had observed this peculiarity in Mr. Tenant after his son Herbert's death. He seldom raised his eyes when speaking to anyone.

"Quiet in speech and manner," Mr. Trueman continued, "but easily excited. I was not half an hour in his company; but I saw him once or twice with others, and could not help noticing this."

Arthur drew a long breath and looked at Mr. Heath. That was also a characteristic of the man whom they were seeking; especially after the loss of his son and of the inheritance which was to have been his.

"He had been at the gold-diggings, and was

offering me some trifling specimens of gold which he took from a canvas bag. A small object wrapped in paper fell from the bag on to a table. I examined it, supposing it to be another specimen of gold or quartz. It proved to be an agate, shaped and engraved as you have heard. When I questioned him about it, he told me that it had been taken from the head of a toad which had been discovered a hundred years ago or more in the centre of a block of stone."

"Did he say where?"

"No; somewhere in the old country. I had no faith in the thing; neither, I think, had he; but as it was a curio of its kind I offered to buy it of him."

"Did you buy it?"

"He would not part with it. He said it was not his own, and he had promised to return it to the owner. Otherwise he would have been glad to get rid of it. It had brought him nothing but ill-luck ever since it had come into his possession; but it belonged to an old man who set great store by it, and it must be sent back to him some day."

"Nothing but ill-luck!" cried Arthur. "It was just so that my father spoke of it the last time I saw him. Ill-luck! Was he then in distress?"

"No, I think not; but he looked worn and anxious."

"Fifty-five years of age, did you say? My father could not have been fifty."

"You can't judge of age out there," said Trueman.

"It's a hard life at the diggings. Do you think this is really the person you are seeking?"

"I have no doubt of it," said Arthur, looking at his friend Heath.

"No doubt whatever," said that gentleman.

"Not only your description of him generally, but the incidents you relate are sufficient to identify him. The question now is, how are we to find him? What steps ought we to take?"

"I'm afraid I can't help you there," said Trueman. "I had never seen him before, and don't know where he was going."

"He may probably be heard of at Vryburg," said Arthur.

"Very doubtful. He was evidently on the move; trying first one place and then another."

"Is there anyone we could write to there?"

Mr. Trueman could give them no advice on that subject. He had only passed through Vryburg, and knew very little of the place or people.

While this interview lasted Mr. Bland had sent more than one message to his guest, and he now came down himself to know what "on herth" was keeping him. Mr. Trueman gave Arthur his address, and desired to be informed if he could be of any further use to him; and then they shook hands with him and left him.

CHAPTER XIX.—AT THE WHITE HART.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"

Shakespeare.

"WHAT is to be done? What can we do? How are we to make inquiries?"

Those were questions which the little group at No. 4 Eden Terrace often asked each

other after they had heard Mr. Heath's report of the interview with Trueman—questions which none could answer. They were much perplexed. That they had obtained a clue to the whereabouts of the missing husband and father could not be doubted; but how to follow it up did not appear. One end of the clue was in their hands; the other was broken off. South Africa is a very wide address, and there was no knowing to what part of the country the man whom they were looking for might have betaken himself. He was "evidently on the move," their informant had said. He might have moved away altogether to another quarter of the globe. They could not even write to him or make inquiries about him.

"I suppose there must be some way of finding people out there," said Arthur—"or at least of looking for them. There are newspapers in which to advertise if one could get at them."

"And there must be agents in London who could put us in the way of getting at them," Mr. Heath added.

"Agents—yes; and now you speak of it, did not that man Spratt, the shipping agent, say that he had correspondents all over the world?"

"I think he did," said Heath; "but not newspaper correspondents."

"Still—agents—they might be of use to us."

"Possibly," said Heath with an air of indifference. He did not seem to have much faith in Mr. Spratt.

"He certainly said so," Mrs. Tenant broke in—"all over the world; and he wished he could be of service to us; he wished so much that he could do something to help us. He would have given Elsie his dog: that shows his feeling. And he has written since—a very kind letter, hoping we got home safely; and anxious to hear how we all were. I owe him a letter now, or he owes me one. I don't quite remember which way it is. Did he write last, Elsie, or did I?"

Elsie declared she knew nothing about the letters; and by her look it was evident that she cared still less, if that were possible.

"You might remember, Elsie," said her mother; "for you know that he inquired very particularly about you. I can write to him, at all events, and ask for his advice. I am sure he would be delighted to help us. He was quite pressing in his offer to do anything for us; and with agents all over the world—both worlds, he said; not this world and the next, of course, but both sides of the globe, as it is in the atlas."

"Perhaps it would be as well for me to run up to London and see him," Mr. Heath suggested. "I could then go to some of the newspaper agents and inquire about advertising. I could go there and back in a day."

"I had better write to him first," Mrs. Tenant answered. "I believe I owe him a letter."

"Let me write," said Arthur, "or Mr. Heath; we both heard what Mr. Trueman said."

"We all know what he said," Mrs. Tenant answered quickly; "and if Elsie were to write he would be sure to answer her at once. Elsie, my dear—"

"Oh no, mother; I can't write to him."

"Well, I suppose it would not be quite the thing;

only under the circumstances—Very well, then, I will write myself." And Mrs. Tenant went at once to her desk in order to begin her letter there and then.

"We must let mother have her own way," Arthur said to his friend Heath, as they walked down the street together; "but I am sure it would be best for one of us to go to town. Spratt might give us a hint if we were to see him."

"Just possible," Heath murmured. "He seems to be rather intrusive, this Hannibal Spratt ('Phœbus! what a name!'), sending presents and keeping up a correspondence. I almost wish we had left him in the seaweed."

"Still we may as well make use of him if we can," said Arthur.

The reply to Mrs. Tenant's letter arrived very promptly in the shape of Mr. Spratt himself. The little man was in full "twig," as usual; with patent leather shoes and spats, a heavy gold chain crossing his smooth buff waistcoat from one pocket to the other, and a locket, conspicuously blank as to its contents, hanging from it.

"I got your letter this morning," he said, "and thought I had better come at once to see you. It's so much pleasanter—I mean, so much more satisfactory, seeing people, you know."

He fixed his eyes upon Elsie as he spoke, and shook hands with her warmly.

"So much more satisfactory seeing people, you know," he repeated.

Arthur found him there when he came in. He had been, after office hours, to see old Todd and have a talk with him about the toadstone. Not that there was anything more to be learnt on that subject; but it was a relief to him to be able to speak to the old man and to tell him what he had heard from Mr. Trueman.

Before Arthur's arrival Mrs. Tenant had explained everything to her guest after her own fashion, leaving him in a state of perplexity, very anxious to be of service to her, but not seeing his way to do anything, unless he were prepared to go out by the next mail and make a general exploration of the African continent.

"Where are you staying to-night?" Arthur asked him, being minded to get hold of him alone later in the evening.

"I don't know," said Spratt. "I have never been in Stonedale before: didn't even know till lately that there was such a place. At Brighton I usually go to the Grand. It's expensive, but that's no object. I suppose you have no hotel like the Grand here?"

"There's the White Hart," said Arthur; "you had better put up there. I'll go with you and show you where it is."

"Presently: no hurry. This is a nice little box you have here, but not like what you have been used to, I suppose, at Death Hole. I should like to see Death Hole. I say, what a name for a house, a mansion too, as I understand it is!"

"That's not the name of the house," said Arthur with disgust.

"Oh, ain't it? I thought——"

"'Pierremont,' I told you," Mrs. Tenant said.

"The other is the name of the old slate quarry: at least, that is what they call it."

"Pierremont! Ah, now, that's something like. It reminds one of Brighton and the pier there, you know. I should like to see Pierremont and the hills as I have heard so much about. Perhaps you ladies would like to take a drive round there to-morrow? I could hire a carriage and pair, I suppose, at the White Hart? What time would be convenient for you?"

He glanced at Mrs. Tenant as he asked the question, but looked for an answer to her daughter.

Neither of them gave him any encouragement. Mrs. Tenant did not think she would be equal to it, and Elsie said it was not to be thought of; she had her engagement as usual.

"Couldn't you put it off, miss?" Spratt asked. "It would be so very pleasant." Mrs. Tenant's inability to take part in the expedition did not give



MR. SPRATT HIMSELF.

him much concern. "Couldn't you put it off, Miss Elsie?" he said again. "Is it very particular?"

"Yes, Mr. Spratt, it is. I go every day to teach some little children. I am their governess."

"She needn't do it," Mrs. Tenant wailed; "it's not my wish, and there is no necessity for it."

Elsie would not contradict her mother, but she let it be understood very plainly that she was not going to put off her engagement for the very pleasant excursion to which Mr. Spratt invited her.

"This is the White Hart," said Arthur, when he had conducted his visitor to the inn. It was a plain old-fashioned building of red brick, with an archway in the middle, under which they passed to the entrance door. From this a narrow passage led to the bar on one side and the commercial room on the other. Beer, spirits, and tobacco proclaimed themselves as soon as one entered the passage, and

the sound of gruff voices talking and laughing loudly was mixed with the tramp and shuffle of feet upon the naked boards of the floor.

"Haven't you got a better place than this for a fellow to lodge in?" Spratt asked, with a look of dismay.

"It's not a bad hotel of its kind," said Arthur; "though it is not like the Grand, of course."

"You're right," said Spratt; "it ain't."

"You'll be pretty comfortable, I hope, upstairs. It will do for one night, at all events. You won't want it longer, I suppose?"

"I don't know about that. I thought of staying a day or two now I'm here; but not in this house; not if I know it. This is not the sort of accommodation that I have been used to; not quite, it ain't."

"Come in here," said Arthur, opening the door of a private parlour and turning up the gas. It was plainly but comfortably furnished, and much superior to the more public part of the house, and was also shut off from the noise and reek of the bar.

Mr. Heath came in presently in response to a message from Arthur, and they sat together till closing time. Spratt gave them some information about the packet service to the Cape, and promised to make certain inquiries at the principal offices on his return to London. He had agencies all over the world, he repeated, but they had not so much to do with Africa, and did not know anyone at Kimberley. He could write, of course, if he knew any one to write to; that was the difficulty. His firm had a correspondent at the Cape, but only in a business sort of way. He did not know him personally, and could not answer for him.

"The best thing that you could do, to be sure of finding anything out," he said, "would be to send some one out to the Cape—a detective, you know—"

"Thank you," said Arthur, getting up; "I think I had better say good-night."

"Well, then, good-night. You're sure you won't take anything?—a glass of liqueur brandy, Mr. Heath, if they have such a thing in this place—just to keep the cold out."

"No, thank you; I prefer the cold."

"I shall see you to-morrow, I dare say," Spratt called after them as they were leaving; to which suggestion they made no reply.

"We have not got much out of him," Arthur remarked to Mr. Heath when they were alone together.

"Quite as much as I expected," said the latter. "When is he going back?"

"I don't know; he talked of driving over to the hills to-morrow, and invited my mother and Elsie to go with him."

"They're not going, of course," said Heath sharply.

"I think not."

"Think not?"

"I'm sure they are not going with him. I doubt whether he'll stay so long. The landlord told me the White Hart is very full; he could only give him a little room at the top of the

house. He won't like that. It will not be like the Grand. Well, what are we to do?"

Heath made no reply.

"There was one thing Spratt said," Arthur went on in a low voice and with some hesitation—"one thing that seemed sensible."

"Was there really? I did not seem to recognise it."

"About sending some one out."

"A detective?"

"No; but some one. I had been thinking already whether I could go myself."

"You, Arthur?"

"Yes; it would cost a great deal, I'm afraid; but I would not be particular. I could go second class, of course, or even what they call deck passage."

"It would not do at all."

"Why not?"

"Your mother would not consent."

"She might be persuaded."

"No, never."

"And yet it is the only thing to be done if my father is to be found."

"Looked for, you mean."

"Yes, looked for, with a reasonable prospect of success. There seems to be no other course."

"We can think about it," Heath replied; and they parted.

There was nothing to detain Mr. Spratt at Stonedale. The hotel, or "pub," as he called it, was not at all to his mind, and as he did not hesitate to let the landlord know his opinion of it in rather strong terms, Boniface was not disposed to go to any inconvenience to make it better for him. He called at Eden Terrace, but did not stay there long. Elsie was gone already to her daily stage of duty at Mrs. Bland's. Mr. Spratt hired a carriage and pair and drove to the heath. The driver showed him Mrs. Bland's residence, and he drove slowly past it two or three times, looking over the laurel hedge into the front garden and up at the windows, but turned away at last without having seen anyone except the nurse and the baby with the pipe and bottle.

Mr. Spratt had intended to spend two or three days at Stonedale; but the bedroom at the White Hart was "quite too dreadful," and the landlord told him rather curtly that it was "'Obson's chice," there was a fair on, and the 'ouse was full up to the tiles upon the roof. He might have said beyond them, Mr. Spratt having been much disturbed at night by inharmonious cats just above him and within a foot or two of his head. Mr. Spratt resolved to wait till the evening in the hope of seeing Elsie, and, being at a loss what to do with himself in the meantime, drove out to the hills. It was dull work going about by himself, but he wanted to see what the place was like, and felt an "uncommon lively interest" in "Death Hole," the name which he still gave to Pierremont, Mrs. and Miss Tenant's former home. He had to content himself with a distant view of the house, as he could not think of any pretext for driving through the grounds or calling at the door.

"This is something like a place," he said to himself; "an awful come-down for the Tenants to

turn out of it and go and live in Stonedale." No. 4 Eden Terrace was a poor little house, not much better than Rigby's, his clerk's, at Stockwell. It was not surprising that Mr. Tenant, the head of the family, should object to take up his abode there after such a place as Pierremont. No wonder he ran away. Of course it was not right of him, and of course he meant to come back again; but no man would like to settle down at No. 4 Eden Terrace after Death Hole—after Pierremont.

The driver asked him if he would like to see the Death Hole, and drove him thither. He alighted from the carriage and mounted by a steep path to the edge of the quarry, from which he had a view of its depths. An old man was sitting there, and Spratt began to question him about the works which were going on under Mr. Stackpole's direction. The pit was now nearly empty, a pumping-engine having been erected, by which the water was raised from the deepest part of the pit and discharged through the now completed tunnel. Todd told him all about the excavation.

"It will be a valuable property some day," he said. "It turns out better than was expected. There's some good slate at the bottom, and big slabs such as you couldn't get anywhere else for love or money. I've got my eyes upon one of them slabs for myself to sleep under."

"What do you mean?"

"To cover me up when I'm laïd in my grave and my missus beside me till the day of resurrection. It's a comfort to think we can have one big enough without going far to fetch it. Fifty year me and my missus has slep under one counterpane, and shall do now as long as the world do last. Mr. Stackpole is going to work the pit on a royalty for the owners."

"I think I must have had one of those slabs to sleep *on* last night," said Spratt, thinking of his cold hard bed at the White Hart. "Who is the owner of the pit?"

"Why, Mrs. Tenant, I suppose; or Mr. Tenant, if he ever comes back. I shouldn't wonder if it was to set him on his legs again, being as he isn't dead. He used to live at Pierremont down yonder, and may again some day; who knows? He may thank the toadstone for it, next to Providence divine."

"The toadstone?"

"Yes, sir. It was the bit of writing as used to be kept in the box with that there precious jewel, as they calls it, as put them up to finding that there gullet where you see that there water pouring through; you can see the mouth of it near the pumping-engine. If it hadn't been for that they wouldn't have been able to get at the stone. It was all drowned out and hadn't been worked for a hundred year or more. Yes; it belongs to Mr. Tenant still; it will be worth something to him by-and-by, if all goes well. Ah, there's changes and chances in this mortal life! I little thought as I should have been privileged to have one of them big slabs to lie under, me and my wife; and it won't be long first, neither."

Mr. Spratt drove back to Stonedale and called again at Eden Terrace. He spent an hour with Mrs. Tenant, but did not see anyone else. Miss

Tenant was still out, and would not return till evening. Mr. Spratt hesitated whether to pass another night at the White Hart for the sake of seeing her once more, but the sight of his comfortable room with its slablike bed and dingy blue counterpane, the colour of that which Todd looked forward to for his last long rest, was too depressing. He packed his portmanteau, paid his bill, and drove off to the station. Even when the train drew up he hesitated before taking his place; and all the way up to town he could not help wishing that he had prolonged his stay at Stonedale. There was no knowing what might have been the result of another evening there.

Two or three days passed after Mr. Spratt had taken his departure without any visit from the curate. Arthur went to inquire for him, and was told that he had gone away.

"To London?" he asked.

"Not to London," was the answer. "He did not say where he was going, but he left by a down train. We expect him back to-morrow."

Mr. Heath returned on Saturday evening. He had been to see his vicar, who had been out of health and non-resident.

"He is coming back almost immediately," Heath said; "he is all right again, and will be able to get on, with some temporary help. It's my turn to 'go out' now, as they say in the Midlands; and he has agreed to let me off for six months."

"Six months! Where are you going, then? It is very sudden."

"Rather sudden, I confess."

"But why? What is the meaning of it? It is not your turn to be ill, I hope."

"Oh no. I am quite well—thanks be! as Much Adams would say. Still, I think the change may be good for me and perhaps for some others."

"Does Elsie know?"

"Not yet."

"She won't like it."

"I daresay not; I don't want her to. And yet it is, in one sense, her doing."

"What do you mean?"

"Things have been a little strained—I would rather say a little altered—between us since the discovery at the slate pit."

"The discovery that my father is not dead?"

"Just so. Now that he is alive, I must find him."

"That's what we all wish for."

"Certainly; and I quite as much, if not more than anyone else."

"I can't make you out."

"Well, you know, I had your mother's consent to marry Elsie. I don't think she quite liked it, but still she consented."

"I know she did."

"But now—now she says that her consent is not sufficient and ought not to have been given; in fact she has withdrawn it: Elsie's father must be consulted: his consent must be obtained."

"And Elsie—what does she say?"

"She will be guided by her mother. She also, I think, would like to have her father's sanction."

"You are not angry with her, I hope. You have not fallen out about it?"

"Oh dear no!"

"Then why are you going off in such a hurry? And for six months! Where are you going?"

"Cannot you guess?"

"Not to—not to—Vryburg?"

"Somewhere in that direction."

Arthur was speechless. He clasped his friend's hand and looked him in the face through tears with which his eyes were filled.

"I have settled everything," said Heath.

"It should have been my place," said Arthur.

"You could not have been spared; it would not have done at all. You are too young."

"Of course you will know better what to do and how to manage. I wish we could have gone together. Would not that be possible?"

"No; you must stay at home and look after Elsie and your mother."

"I could get money from Stackpole; he has taken a lease of the quarry and would advance something."

"No, Arthur; I must go alone; you must remain here and take care of the garrison."

Arthur consented sadly. He knew that his friend's conclusion was the best and wisest.

"Will Spratt be able to help you?" he asked.

"I shall not ask him."

"I don't think he is up to much," Arthur replied.

"Still he has agents——"

"In every part of the world except—No, I shall not go near Mr. Spratt, and I hope—I hope, Arthur, that he will not come near you."

"I don't suppose he will. Why should he?"

"He may have reasons of his own. Don't you understand?"

"Elsie?"

"Yes. She, of course, is true as steel. I should be a wretched cur indeed if I could have any doubt about dear Elsie. But don't let him trouble her, Arthur; don't let him annoy her while I am away. Your dear mother——"

"I understand you; she rather likes him, I think; but that would not affect you. You and Elsie are engaged."

"Yes, we are engaged. But Mrs. Tenant, as I have told you, thinks we ought not to have been, without your father's sanction."

"Mother gave her consent and can't withdraw it."

"I am afraid she thinks we ought not to take advantage of that under the altered circumstances."

"But Spratt! Hannibal Spratt!"

"Laugh if you will, Arthur, but don't let Elsie be annoyed or—persecuted."

"I'd kick him out of the house——"

"No, no; you won't do that, Arthur; *point de zèle, mon ami*. But I see you understand me, and will keep a brotherly watch over Elsie, and help her if she needs help."

"I promise you."

"Thanks, brother; that will do. I shall go away happy now—satisfied, at all events."

A few days later, after many fond farewells, Mr. Heath went on board one of the Castle line of steamers at Southampton, and sailed for Cape-town.



EELS are at first sight no very promising subject for an article. Almost every question connected with their life-history, from birth to death, their growth and reproduction, remains without satisfactory solution. To the great majority indeed they simply represent an article of food which costs "live" about one shilling a pound, and which is to figure later in the day either in a stew with a good deal of the homely onion or beneath the shelter of a piecrust. Many folks entertain an unconquerable prejudice against them. In little esteem then as food, most mysterious in their goings and comings, and abhorred by the amateur fisherman, whose line they wriggle in a few seconds into a labyrinth of Gordian knots, the subject I have chosen seems a barren one indeed. And yet I think I can show something of interest in even an eel. To the earthworm Gilbert White devotes a

letter; other writers have published entire volumes on the same subject. But I have given a good deal of my time to the catching, study, and even consumption of eels.

There are eels which are marine, and others inhabitants of fresh water. The former include the Conger and the *Muraena*. The so-called Sand-eels (*alias* launce or grig) are not eels at all, but members of the *Ophidiidae*, or Snake fishes; they are our nearest approach to the pretty little Chinese fish which Mr. Quantrell recently showed me at the Zoo Insect-House, and which were equally expert at burrowing in the sand.

The eels that inhabit rivers and lakes belong in reality to one species; but a number of varieties, especially differing in colour as well as in the fore-part of the head, have arisen out of different local conditions, and have been wrongly classed as dis-

tinct species, Sharp-nosed, Broad-nosed, and so on.

It is a curious thing that while the Conger proper objects to even brackish water, being rarely caught of any size in estuaries, the freshwater eels on the other hand descend periodically, for purposes which I shall presently have occasion to specify, to the sea, and pass a considerable period in salt water.

I have repeatedly caught them from breakwaters

late Frank Buckland made several casts, one of which is in the possession of the Crystal Palace Aquarium, though not exhibited to the public. There are several in the South Kensington collection.

The beginning of eel career was long shrouded in mystery. Up to a very recent time, eels were popularly believed, like snakes, to be generated out of slime. Another common notion traced their origin

to horsehairs. "Cut up two turfs covered with Maydew," runs the recipe of another writer, "and lay one upon the other, the grassy side inwards, and thus expose them to the heat of the sun; in a few hours there will spring from them an infinite quantity of eels."

White, in his famous work on Selborne, mentions the eels of Ely, and also accepts with caution the old belief that the thread-like creatures found in the intestines of adult eels are the young ready to be brought forth alive. In reality, they are *filaria*, simply parasites, and are present chiefly in the digestive organs.

That superficial observers of all ages should have associated eels with serpents is not very surprising. The idea of their being viviparous also helped to cement this fictitious connection with snakes. But even from the freshwater and sea snakes, both of which classes are viviparous and the latter venomous, eels differ essentially in having fins; and the movement is also different, water snakes exhibiting lateral undulations, while those of eels are vertical. The scientific differences are radical and very marked.

In spite of this, it is somewhat remarkable that so diligent an ob-

server as Pennant should have so far succumbed to the popular infection as to write as follows: "The eel in some respects borders on the reptile tribe; the eel is known to quit its element, and during the night to wander along the meadows, not merely for change of habitation, but also for the sake of prey. . . . During winter it beds itself in the mud and continues torpid like the serpent tribe. . . ."

That the distribution of eels should be wider



A NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES.

at Dover, Hastings, Bognor and elsewhere. In this habit they offer a contrast to the Salmon, which *ascend* rivers for similar purposes. The latter are, together with the shad and true smelt, therefore termed anadromous, the eels catadromous fish.

The so called Eel-pout, or Burbot, must not, in spite of its external form and name, be confounded with the eel, as it is a fluviatile member of the cod family. It is well known to Trent anglers; and the

than of almost any fish is what one would expect from three known characteristics: their endurance of extremes of temperature, their immense fecundity, and their long migrations, including even overland journeys of considerable length through wet grass.

With regard to their indifference to extreme degrees of temperature, particularly cold, the older authorities quote a Mr. Swallow, British Consul at St. Petersburg, to the effect that three frozen eels packed in snow revived after four days in cold water and showed no signs of their temporary coma.

Large blocks of ice were during a recent winter hurried down the river Arun to the sea, when a friend of mine, standing on one of the Littlehampton piers, distinctly perceived numbers of large eels imprisoned within these floating masses. This was reported in the newspapers; and one contained an editorial comment which rather amused me, though it was not lacking in ingenuity. It accounted, or professed to account, for the frequent confusion of bones and fossil remains by such episodes, showing that in this instance the freshwater eels from Arundel and Pulborough would be carried far out into the Channel, eventually entombed in the sand, and turn up years hence to puzzle the dredging geologist. The writer only forgot two rather important points: firstly, that the higher temperature of the sea-water would speedily melt the ice and free the eels; secondly, that the latter would in all probability revive, and either make their way back to the upper reaches of their native river or else stay for a time in their new quarters. The latter more probably; for there are generally numbers of freshwater eels of fair size disporting themselves among the weed-clad posts of the narrow west pier.

The fecundity of eels is beyond question. Buckland once computed the number of eggs taken from a Conger of 28 lbs. (the roe of which weighed nearly as many ounces) at upwards of fifteen millions.

The extensive migrations of river eels have also helped to distribute them over the length and breadth of the globe.

A most interesting paper contributed to the columns of the *Field* by that able naturalist, Mr. Tegetmeier, proved to my satisfaction that these eels breed *only* in salt water; and that in cases where as elvers they have gained access to enclosed waters remote from the sea and unconnected with it, they invariably die sterile. These eels, however, either visit the sea for other purposes than those connected with the reproduction of their species, or else they remain in their seaside quarters long after these objects have been accomplished. I have caught numbers near the shore, but none of them showed any sign of spawn.

The esteem in which eels are held as food varies largely in different countries. The Italians, who invariably go in for small fry, have special fisheries for the elvers.

The Egyptians held them sacred and do not eat them to this day; with the Jews, and I believe also Mohammedans, they are forbidden food. The Scotch would as soon eat vipers. All the more surprising is the superstitious reverence in which eelskin amulets, in the form of bracelets, are to this day held in some parts of the Highlands.

In Japan, on the other hand, the annual consumption is enormous; and there are a large number of eel-houses at Tokio. In New South Wales the supply is far in excess of the demand.

At present most of our supply comes from Holland; and it is a sure sign of the increasing filthiness of the lower reaches of the Thames, that the Dutch eels can no longer reach Billingsgate alive in the once efficient well-boats, since Thames water quickly kills them.

Doctors disagree considerably as to the merits of eel as an article of human food. Old Walton cautions us against eating it to excess, but says it is in season all the year round. Another writer, two centuries before him, had fixed its "season" from "May till the day of the Assumption of our Lady." Another seventeenth-century "authority" recommends "only those to eat of them who are more addicted to their palate than to their health."

The methods of catching them are various. For the market they are generally taken in vast numbers by intercepting the course of their migrations with wicker traps or baskets.

At the immense government fishery on the Comacchio lagoon, an offshoot of the Adriatic, they are allowed to enter the shallows and frightened by great fires into the fishermen's nets.

One of the most extraordinary methods of capture in vogue among the ancients was to let the eel seize one end of a large sheep intestine. The angler then applied his mouth to the other end of his strange tackle (and bait) and blew air into the eel, which became inflated and was thus an easy prey.

Anglers, if eel-catching can ever be elevated to a sport, employ a variety of means, the favourite of which is "sniggling," the eel getting its teeth hard fixed in a bunch of worsted and being jerked into the boat before it can disengage itself.

They are caught in a similar manner in the large Canadian rivers, the bait in this case being a dead frog. Night is in all cases the best time for catching eels.

Conger-fishing is at times exciting sport, especially when you have to cut away the upper half of the fish and be satisfied with twenty or thirty pounds. The best conger-fishing I ever had was off the Cornish coast, but there are some fine fish occasionally taken off the Sussex coast. The river eel and conger are, for species of the same genus, about as distinct as the oft-puzzled naturalist could wish; and yet there was not long ago a lengthy discussion in the columns of "Land and Water" as to their being possibly variations of the same species.

Sand eels are in great repute as food and bait, and are taken in the Channel Islands and Scotland by "scraping" at low tide. Round the Isle of Wight, however, and on the Devonshire coast, a small sieve is used for their capture.

The Muræna, a large marine lamprey, is an ugly yellow creature with formidable teeth. I can well recall an occasion on which I was spearing them at midnight in a shallow part of the Mediterranean in company with a number of Italians bearing torches.

I was next day induced to eat a portion of one cooked with garlic, and found a very small sample quite sufficient to help me to an unalterable opinion as to its edibility.

MODERN HYGIENE IN PRACTICE.

BY ALFRED SCHOFIELD, M.D.

III.—IN ADOLESCENCE.

IN infancy, as we have seen, the great point is to preserve life and the great necessity is *food*; in childhood the great feature is growth and the necessity *exercise*; and now it is a question of development and *education* during the period of youth which extends from twelve to twenty-one years of age. We have succeeded in bringing our boy and girl thus far in safety along the journey of life, and now, although on the whole we are entering smoother waters, they are not without their special dangers, which we shall have to point out. The death rate during this period is extremely low, being only five for boys and seven for girls, the increased mortality amongst girls over boys at this date being accounted for by the increased dangers that beset dawning womanhood as compared with opening manhood. There can be no doubt that these and many other dangers to life could be minimised if some of the ignorance that prevails about personal health were dissipated. One way in which this could be done we will here point out.

LIFE CHARTS.

It is customary in the army or navy for each man to have a rough record kept on a chart of his career while in the service. This details, amongst other items, his age, weight, height, chest measurements, eyesight, and illnesses previous to joining. It also gives a record of all his subsequent illnesses, with the duration of each, and sundry minor matters of permanent interest. This record follows him about wherever he goes, so that it can readily be referred to when needed by a medical man or anyone else. Now what would prove not only of individual but of great national value would be for each one on entering this world to be provided with a '*life chart*,' to be given to the parents by the Government registrar at the registration of his birth. Hygienic facts as to the parentage of the child should be entered at once, and then every Christmas at least there should be inserted the weight, height, girth, and other physical details of the child, together with the illnesses, their duration, character, and result, that have occurred throughout the year. Of course when needed notes could be inserted oftener; but once a year this should be done as a national custom as well as a Government regulation. This should continue through life, and then at the close it would be well worth while for Government to purchase these records if properly filled up annually and attested; for from them could be gathered absolutely reliable statistics as to the hygienic condition of the country in every detail. What we would, however, rather dwell on is the value of such a chart to the individual. There can be no

doubt that self-knowledge is one of the necessary elements of health; the knowledge of our weak points, too, is far more valuable than those of our strong ones. In the defence of a city against an invader there is nothing so important as the knowledge of its most assailable part. A chart like this would enable a physician at a glance to form a sound judgment of the general condition of his patient. In choosing a school, a house, an occupation, its value would be shown, as well as in many other ways. A man's present is the outcome of his past, and his past largely forecasts his future. Such self-knowledge, therefore, as these systematised records would give would be of far more than mere physical value. Perhaps the system may be commenced privately by those who perceive its value, and then, when it is an established custom, Government would step in and make it universal.

FOOD AND DIETETICS.

Food at this period should, as with younger children, be wholesome, plain, and abundant in quantity. As to this abundance one word may be added here, and that is, that while the youth cannot eat too much of plain solid food, care must be taken, as dainties and richer food are added, to limit them in quantity. The hours first adopted for meals should be kept up till sixteen—8, 1, 5, 8. After sixteen late dinners with the parents may be permitted, practically replacing the simpler supper. There is one warning of great importance that must be given here with reference to food, and that is that at many schools, and perhaps even in some few homes, there is too much sameness. Now in the human economy, and particularly in the growing child, there is some mysterious principle that revolts against this. One might imagine that a fixed diet, once proved to contain all the elements of nutrition in right proportions and in a digestible form, might safely be persevered in for years. Indeed, abstract reasoning inevitably leads to this conclusion; and this is a striking instance how far astray an apparently sound theory may lead us when not corrected by practice. It is found in certain reformatory and industrial schools, when the diet has been unvaried, that after a time children, though hungry enough, would sooner starve than eat it, and became actually ill through nothing but sameness. This must be borne in mind by parents when seeking for the cause of a falling-off in appetite at home, and is the reason why this appetite is so mysteriously restored when a visit to the seaside is paid, and a total change of diet takes place. Much that is attributed to the mystic virtues of ozone ought to be credited to the change of food.

The appetite, too, between fourteen and sixteen, it must be confessed, often becomes capricious to a trying extent. This must not be altogether pooh-poohed, but quietly met by such changes and varieties as are wished for to a reasonable extent.

ANIMAL FOOD.

All advances in physiology tend to show us that it is nitrogenous or albuminous food (principally found in meat) that alone can build the body during growth and keep it in repair after ; while it is the carbonaceous, or starch or vegetable, food that is expended in the work as well as in the warmth of the body. It used to be thought that muscle work was performed at the expense of the animal tissue itself ; it is now found that the waste is not of animal but vegetable material. Of course this is stated crudely, but the point is obvious, and it is this. That when the house is once built it requires very few bricks to keep it in repair compared with what were wanted each day while it was being erected. And I am sure that we wholly fail to realise the radical difference it makes, when once the full size and stature is reached, as to the question of the amount and composition of our food. Do not, therefore, stint growing youths of either sex in animal food, or if you do in any way, be sure you make it up to them by an unlimited supply of vegetable albumen, which is found in the cereals and legumes alone in any quantity.

A SILENT REVOLUTION.

Dress need not now detain us long. We say now, because of the silent revolution of such vast importance that has passed over England in the last ten years. Few who have not studied the subject are aware of the fundamental change that has been made in women's and girls' underclothing in the silent substitution of wool for flax or cotton. The following table speaks for itself as to the increased consumption of wool in this country :

WEIGHT OF WOOL IMPORTED IN

1880	1884	1888	1892
lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
371,000,000	381,000,000	433,000,000	470,000,000

No change has taken place in this century with regard to dress to be compared in importance with this. It is not the place here to point out the peculiar combination of qualities that make wool indisputably the material to be worn next the body for hygienic purposes ; sufficient to say that a child in a woollen combination garment is so far as perfectly dressed as modern hygiene can devise. The three general laws of dress must, of course, still be considered in the cut and shape of the other garments—no compression, no oppression, and no depression. It may be remarked that *most* dresses (we speak advisedly) of growing girls have one marked defect—they are too tight across the chest.

BUTTONS ON THE FLOOR.

I came across a remarkable confirmation of this in making inquiries as to calisthenics in the

leading schools of London some years ago. I found one girls' school only where gymnastic costume was not worn at physical drill. The head mistress told me she had thought the matter over, and had determined to let them drill in their ordinary clothes. The result was the first day when the free exercises took place loud reports were heard in the ranks, and the floor was strewn with buttons. These were sewn on ; but next time the same thing occurred, and the parents were forced to let out the fronts of the dresses, with the happy result that the children, instead of being in a loose costume during drilling hours only, wore it always. It may, however, be pointed out that one of the chief advantages of the gymnastic dress of elder girls is not only its looseness, but the absence of the corset, and this is a difference of immense importance. Twelve girls of sixteen ran a third of a mile without corsets in 2½ minutes ; at the close the average rate of the heart-beat was 152. They then ran it with corsets, and the heart-beat was 168. Three girls each ran half a mile in loose costume, and again with corsets, with the following results :

—	Heart-beats per minute			Breaths per minute
	First girl	Second girl	Third girl	All three
Loose costume .	136	140	156	32
With corsets .	144	160	176	66

These figures deserve attention, because it is seen that while the heart-beats were *twenty times a minute faster* when confined, the respirations are actually *doubled*. The extra lung wear and tear this represents will, we think, justify the remark that violent exercise in tight dress ought not to be allowed, being fraught with danger. The bearing this has on the hygienic value of waltzing and galloping in evening dress is painfully obvious, and is one means of accounting for the easy and rapid progress consumption makes amongst girls.

CLEANLINESS AND FRESH AIR.

As to cleanliness, the morning tub and the weekly wash with soap serves every purpose. Only one remark seems called for at this age, and that is the face should always be washed with *soft* water. Hard water mixed with soap, and forming insoluble stearate of lime, often is the cause of innumerable rashes and premature hardness and coarseness of skin, involving, of course, loss of beauty.

Fresh air is the next consideration, and as to this the rule is simple. *All* the time that can be spared from indoor work should be spent out of doors. The life should, if possible, be spent in the country, if not altogether, at least as much so as possible. Indoors the windows should be kept open as much as possible in the day, and always at night. Close rooms, and crowded assemblies, should be avoided as much as possible. The climate generally should be suited to the constitution.

SLEEP.

The last of the five laws of health to be observed is suited rest and exercise. As to rest, the bed should be firm, the clothing light, and the time for sleep be gradually reduced until it reaches the average minimum of eight hours each night, except Saturday or Sunday, when it may be nine.

No reading in bed, no sleeping on the back. If this latter is a habit, the best way to correct it is by knotting a towel in the middle, and then tying it round the body with the knot just over the spine. The effect is that whenever in sleep one turns on to the back the knot presses into the spine, and makes one change the position to get comfort. Any constant wakefulness should be noted, and the cause found out and removed, sleep being of far greater importance during growth than when the process is completed.

ON EXERCISE GENERALLY.

And now as to exercise. Its needs are obvious. Food and exercise are, indeed, the two means by which the body grows and develops, and they must go hand in hand. Generally, when living in the country, it is easier to get too much than too little, and a word of protest must be entered as to the danger of long fatiguing walks for growing girls. But all cannot live in the country; and even in the country we see heads poking forward, flat chests, rounded shoulders, and slouching gait, to say nothing of deformed or crooked legs, which are said to be possessed by one out of every three persons in a major or minor degree, and general dwarfing of the stature. So that something more is increasingly needed in these days of severe competition, when everyone must look their best, and do their best, to get on at all, than merely running about in the open air, or even playing games of all sorts. We speak more particularly of English girls, and urge that in the increasing artificiality of life and brain-strain they require careful physical culture by means of well-ordered calisthenics under a competent teacher.

REASONS FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE.

We proceed to enforce this important point by giving seven reasons which we would ask our readers carefully to weigh. First of all for *health*; not for strength. We do not wish to make our girls into female Sandows or acrobats. We do not require huge, muscular arms or torsos, but we do want a healthy firmness of limb, shapely, with well-developed muscle. We know that a firm arm means a strong heart, and a flabby arm a weak heart, and that if we develop those muscles we do see, those that we don't see—the muscles round the blood-vessels and the internal organs—all share in the same improvements. But exercise produces health in many other ways. The brisk circulation it engenders gets rid of rheumatic and neuralgic pains in a surprising way. Exercise also increases the assimilation in digestion of the body, and, indeed, benefits every part.

A BASILISK IN ROSEWATER.

An Eastern king, afflicted with rheumatic pains and leading a constant sedentary life, was told by his court physician that the only cure was to take a basilisk stewed in rosewater. All went to hunt for basilisks, but as no one knew what they were, it is not surprising they were not successful. At last Zadig was consulted, and he produced an india-rubber ball and gravely informed them this was a basilisk. So the king asked how it was to be taken and stewed in rosewater. So Zadig made him dip his hands in rosewater, and toss the ball to Zadig, who tossed it back. This was continued till the king was too tired to go on longer, and his pains were already much better; so Zadig told him he had only to repeat it every day for a week to get cured, explaining at the same time that the "stewing" referred to the great heat engendered, and that the "taking" was by the hand and not by the mouth.

EQUALISING THE BODY.

The next advantage is that regulated exercise *equalises* the body in a way that games alone can never do. Nearly all games are one-sided, greatly developing the right side of the body at the expense of the left. So many attitudes, too, are one-sided, as sitting with crossed legs, riding side saddle, etc. Now there is nothing to correct this but calisthenics.

Another one-sided habit of great power for evil was brought to light at the last Hygienic Congress. Physicians had noticed that about 90 per cent. of cases of lateral curvature of the spine occurred during school life, and were long puzzled to find out the cause. At first it was said it was want of proper supervision and careless lounging attitudes in school. Then it was attributed to want of proper light, and especially light from the left of the pupil; so all schoolrooms were ordered to be lighted from the left of the sitting student; but still the curves went on. Then a wiseacre said it was ill-constructed desks that caused it, not being inclined at the right angle. Another pointed out that the seats were not of graduated heights according to the stature of the pupil. This was attended to. Lastly, it was shown that the desk ought to be at a different angle for holding a book when reading than for writing on. But when all these defects had been remedied, the cause had yet to be reached. So at last Mr. Jackson, one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, noticed that a child fixed in the orthodox position for the usual slanting writing, sitting first square at the desk, then twisting her body half round to the right, then raising her left shoulder by placing the left arm on the desk, then holding her pen pointing to her right shoulder and writing in a copybook placed well on her right side and following it with her eyes, and often with her tongue, was in the typical position to produce the deformity complained of. It was therefore authoritatively stated at this Congress that slanting writing is one of the chief factors of spinal curvature and a prolific cause of squint and short sight. The remedy fortunately is obvious.

It is to place the copybook straight before you, sit square before it, and write straight up and down, and never mind where your pen points to at all!

Besides one-sided attitudes, there are also many important muscles left undeveloped, such as those in the front of the trunk; these also must be developed by calisthenics.

ON GRACE AND BEAUTY.

Our next reason we advance with diffidence. It is that calisthenics increase grace and beauty. That these are not synonymous is, alas! obvious too often when a beautiful girl attempts to move. The writer has known what it is to sit at a window before which passed a moving panorama of beauty and fashion, and while the loveliness of face was often indisputable, the gait was enough to make a mortal shudder or an angel weep. How is it our Anglo-Saxons walk so much like jointed wooden dolls that their progress, if not mincing, is jerky, awkward, and graceless? If we go to the East an instinctive grace seems to pervade every movement. But what shall we say of the progression (it is not a walk) of the up-to-date young lady on Louis heels, who, with tight-tied back skirts, tripping steps, an uneasy, jerky swaying of the hips, and arms akimbo, profanes our shores? Words fail, or are better left unsaid; silence is more eloquent. How few, too, know what to do with their arms; how few can sit down with dignity; how few can cross a road without, indeed, sacrificing every consideration. It may be objected that Arabs have no roads to cross. But surely we who have, have had time by now to devise some means of avoiding the painful and humiliating exhibitions that are now so freely provided! But enough. Grace, if "*non nascitur*," must be "*fit*"—if it does not come by Nature, must be produced by calisthenics. The perfected control and harmonious development of every muscle and education in their rhythmic movements are the means used, provided the teaching is good. One of the best producers of an erect carriage is the practice of carrying a glass of water on the head when walking about.

MIND AND BODY.

Again, physical exercise *develops the mind*. Plato said the body should never be moved without the soul. As a matter of fact, the body never moves without reacting on the brain; so that it is true in a sense that walking on a tight-rope is as truly a mental exercise as conjugating a Greek verb. In young life particularly, the movement of the limbs, and especially in intelligent work, such as in various handicrafts, is a great developer and educator of the brain. On the other hand, physical exercise in youth is a means of brain-rest. Just as sleep is the best for a tired body, so often exercise is the best relief for a tired brain. A good turn at gymnastics is often the best cure for headache; and in over-pressure hard manual labour is the best cure.

Our sixth reason is that physical exercise *improves* not only the individual but *the race*. It tends to eradicate disease, and by strengthening

the physique to make a stronger progeny, free from many of the weaknesses that would otherwise have been passed on.

Lastly, it *improves morals*. It is not only a great safeguard at a time when the emotions are not fully under the control of the reason, but the association of many in a game or pursuit lessens selfishness, rounds off corners, and generally makes the person "a better fellow."

And yet, as Solomon has told us, as there are people who are wiser in their own conceits than seven men who can render a reason, so, no doubt, will there be found parents who will be wiser than a man who can render seven reasons, as I have here done.

WORK AND PLAY.

One point that has much to answer for in obscuring people's judgments on this subject is the foolish and misleading line of demarcation between work and play, which must be totally abolished. A mother does not mind paying for what she considers work; but she has a notion (some old survival of the Gnostic heresy that sets no value on the body) that all physical exercise is play, and therefore worthless, leading to no result, and simply wasting time. When will our benighted matrons learn that in too many cases the knowledge acquired during lesson hours, and dignified as work, fades in after-life to a neutral tint of knownothingness as rapidly as some of our modern dyes, that seem to be dubbed "fast" from their unexampled speed in vanishing? The results of physical culture are, on the other hand, as enduring from their very nature as the others are fleeting. The outcome of half an hour's daily calisthenics is indelibly impressed on the frame and general physique, and has probably a far greater bearing on the owner's future health and comfort than any other part of her school career; excluding, as it still does, one main essential of a woman's true education—a knowledge of personal and domestic hygiene.

If there is one thing for which a mother may be sure of getting the value for her money, it is for the modest amount she spends on her daughter's physical training.

GIRLS AND BOYS.

We speak so much about girls because long ago boys have taken the whole matter into their own hands, and with such effect that, whatever else our public schools and universities may be, there is no denying they are nurseries of athletes; and this is not now very seriously grumbled at by the pater. He has a sort of idea that a boy requires a well-grown body for his after-success, while for the girl there is no such necessity; ignorant, apparently, of the fact that all the movements of modern life tend to make a well-developed body of far more increasing importance to women than it is to men. The sudden increase in mental strain in the higher education of women is one great reason for this, and urgently calls for a general recognition of the fact that a safety-valve must be found in the increase of all sorts of physical pursuits.

BEST EXERCISES FOR GIRLS.

The five best exercises on hygienic grounds for young people are skipping, sculling, tennis, rounders, fives; and the next best are golf, skating, swimming, riding, cricket. Skipping *backwards* is what should be practised, and gives a totally different figure from skipping forwards, as can readily be seen.

Sculling is quite different from rowing, which is with only one oar, and is, therefore, one-sided. The great advantage of sculling—that is, if correctly practised—is that while it gives total rest to the lower limbs, which are constantly overworked, it exercises all the muscles of the back, which all the time is held quite straight. The great art is to row with the back and not with the arms, and the body should move freely backwards and forwards on the fulcrum of the seat. Sculling is therefore an ideal exercise for girls.

The second five are very good; but all possess some drawback that the first five do not.

A capital exercise for all growing girls, and an invaluable one for any with weak chests, is, before dressing in the morning and after undressing at night, to stand with the hands on the hips and slowly inflate the lungs to their utmost capacity, and then to breathe out all the air possible, repeating this at least six times. This practice strengthens and expands the lungs without any danger or strain.

Girls, on the other hand, should never get into the peculiar condition called breathlessness; that is, not merely being short of breath, but having run so fast and far that the face is livid, while the ordinary breath cannot be drawn, but comes in spasmodic sobs. This is really a self-poisoning with carbonic acid. The waste of tissues having been too great to be carried off fast enough by the expirations, has accumulated in and poisoned the blood.

The hygienic value of dancing is too often entirely neutralised by the dress worn and the late hours adopted. The distance travelled in a dance is considerable. It is calculated that in an ordinary evening a distance of about thirteen and a half miles is covered by a good dancer. A waltz averages about half a mile, a polka three-quarters, a schottische a mile and a half, while the lancers only extend to a quarter.

BOYS' SCHOOLS.

With regard to education, it is worth noting, from the point of exercise, that first, as regards boys, in choosing a school more regard should be had as to the general constitution. A boy with a tendency to rheumatism should not be sent to a school on a clay soil; nor one liable to neuralgia to a high and exposed situation; nor one to chest trouble, especially consumption, to a low, damp climate; and so on. The boy should sleep in an open dormitory, and not in a cubicle. He should have meat for breakfast, early dinner, and no beer. No hampers should be sent from home. He should join in all athletic sports, but some care should be taken, if he is a small boy, to see he is not overdone.

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOLS.

High schools for girls have had much said against them by learned pundits in recent years. They have been accused of talking sheer nonsense in setting up to lead girls from deserts of ignorance into a land flowing with wit and learning, and it is alleged that what has been done is rather to conduct girls from the meadows of natural growth into the trim gardens of artificial culture. As Sir James Crichton Browne points out,¹ though orchids and camellias are excellent in their way, we must not forget the buttercups and daisies.

But there are high schools and high schools, and the following table is in force at one of the best of these, and speaks for itself in its wise safeguards and moderate hours, which are never exceeded. The real difficulty, so this head-mistress assures me, is to keep the parents from unduly forcing on the children at home, rather than to keep the teachers right at school.

TABLE OF GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

Age	Height		Work; girls only		No work at night after
	Boys	Girls	Mental	Physical	
	feet inches	feet inches	hours per day		
8	4 0	4 0	3	1	6
9	4 2½	4 2½	4	1	7
10	4 5	4 4½	4	1	7
11	4 6½	4 7	4	1	7
12	4 8½	4 9	4½	1	7
13	4 10½	4 11½	5	1½	7:30
14	5 1	5 1½	5½	2	8
15	5 3½	5 2½	5½	2½	8
16	5 6½	5 3	6	3	9
17	5 8	5 3½	6	3½	9
18	5 8½	5 3½	6	3½	9
19	5 9	5 3½	6	3½	9
for five days a week only					

The physical work spoken of here includes calisthenics, but does not include recreation, games, etc. It will be observed that the weekly mental work of a girl of thirteen is only twenty-five hours, increasing up to thirty hours, which is the maximum.

If a girl cannot complete her work by the hour fixed at night she is to bring it undone, and it will be excused by the teacher next day rather than the limit should be exceeded. Observe in the table the extraordinary difference in growth between the four years from eleven to fifteen, when a girl grows seven and a half inches, and fifteen to nineteen, when she only grows one inch.

No lesson should exceed three-quarters of an hour in length. It is found in an hour's lesson that more than half the errors are made in the last fifteen minutes, showing that the attention flags conspicuously after the first three-quarters of an hour.

MORAL TRAINING.

Turning finally to the moral training at this age, we entirely disagree with those who would train

¹ An Oration on Sex in Education. By Sir James Crichton Browne. "Parent's Review," June, 1892. Kegan, Paul & Co.

boys and girls alike after twelve years of age. Up to this time it may be neutral, but afterwards a boy is a boy and a girl is a girl, and the lines diverge; the boy being trained in courage, endurance, self-control, the girl in gentleness, forbearance, and innocence. We do not believe a girl should be trained to do all that her brother does; and while we rejoice in the progress made towards giving woman her true place, we are more than ever convinced that she will only lose if she attempts to unsex herself and take a man's position. Each is fitted physically and mentally for a different sphere, which each can adorn to perfection, but these spheres may not be transposed with impunity.

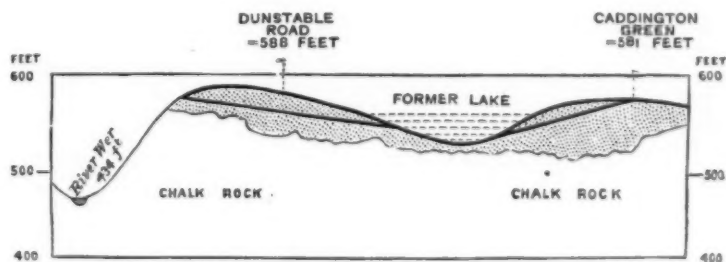
We trust that England may long occupy that position of safety and honour between the advance in women's position that is perceptible amongst our cousins across the water on one side, and the servile and stunted condition that is seen in many Continental nations. It is best to advance slowly, and while the golden mean can never have the glamour of extremes, it has at any rate the merits of safety and solidity. We think that no small share of John Bull's greatness is due to the somewhat conservative element in his natural character, which, we hope, will not be evolved into anything more brilliant but less substantial.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

A WORKSHOP OF PALÆOLITHIC MAN.

UNDERGROUND explorations in the South of England continue to yield relics of prehistoric human workmanship, in comparison with which the classic relics discovered by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ may be considered almost modern. In the front rank of contemporary investigators of the earliest human manufactories and sites of prehistoric industries is Mr. Worthington Smith, who is proving himself an able successor to the veteran Canon Greenwell and his pioneer colleagues in

flakes of the first Stone Age in the north-east of London, where he succeeded in tracing an almost continuous layer of them for a distance of a mile or more. In 1883 he gave this stratum at Stoke Newington the appropriate name of a "palæolithic floor," a designation which has since been amply justified. Subsequently, a single day at Dunstable (in 1884) yielded him a suspicious-looking flint flake, and this and other signs of a locality comparatively unworked by the seekers of flint implements, led him to settle at Dunstable as a resident. By the month of March, 1889, he had



The alluvial beds are shaded with dots. The thick black line bisecting them represents the old land-surface on which the flint tools were found. Nearly the whole of the valley of the Ver has come into existence since the alluvia was formed.

these discoveries. Mr. Smith's newly published record of his latest investigations is entitled "Man, the Primeval Savage: his Haunts and Relics from the Hill-tops of Bedfordshire to Blackwall." Apart from the somewhat polemical title, the book has a most appetising look to all those outdoor archaeologists who have themselves hunted and delved for flint implements, and who have felt that indescribable sensation of first-hand evidence which comes from unearthing some old-world tool from one of those long-buried land-surfaces in which archaeology begins to merge into geology.

As early as 1878 the author began to notice and record the occurrence of the implements and

repeated in his Bedfordshire haunts the remarkable success he had achieved at Stoke Newington, and had established the existence of a similar buried land surface and palæolithic floor.

The exact site of the discovery is the village of Caddington, some thirty miles from London. Here, at a depth of eight feet and sometimes more beneath the present surface of the ground, Mr. Smith found an undisturbed living and working place of prehistoric man. Everything was seen to be in position just as the ancient flint-workers had left it—the blocks of unworked stone, the stone hammers, punches, and "fabricators;" finished implements, unfinished implements, and imple-

ments spoilt in the making and thrown to the waste-heap, with innumerable flakes and chips. The startling suspicion that he had lighted upon the actual site of one of the very earliest of human industries was afterwards confirmed with astonishing success and no little ingenuity. Of the flakes found on this floor Mr. Smith has been able to replace more than five hundred on to the parent stones from which they had been struck off. Altogether in this way he dealt with not fewer than 2,259 flakes and blocks, and with infinite labour and persistence re-joined the severed parts. This remarkable feat shows again that the chattels left by the primeval inhabitants of the district had suffered little or no disturbance since their time. As to the suddenness with which the spot seems to have been deserted, Mr. Smith makes the suggestion that the people might have been terrified by some unusually violent storm which brought wind and rain and deep flooding.

The geological position and depth of earth in which this site of old-world industry was discovered bears witness—although only in a general way—to the date and place of these unknown palæolithic people in the prehistoric succession. Not, of course, that we are able to date their antiquity in terms of solar years. But the evidences of the physical change and waste of the hills in the district since the abandonment of the site by the flint knappers are of themselves a *calculus* which yields very interesting results.

Caddington stands upon high ground—upon an upland some 590 feet above the level of the sea; and yet the composition of the earth at this elevation is such as we should look for in a valley rather than on the summit of a hill. The summit is, in fact, composed of alluvial sediments, exactly like the valley deposits formed from the rain-wash of the hills. Paradoxical as it may seem to find valley deposits perched up on a hill, we have here unquestionably the clue to the landscape history and mutations of Caddington, as well as a capital instance of the romance of geology. The explanation is undoubtedly this: so remote is the date of the Caddington flint-implement makers, that the hills which then surrounded them have been so wasted and lowered by ordinary atmospheric agencies that their disappearance has relatively raised the valley, so that in the newly formed landscape the valley has actually become a hill.

Such changes are doubtless almost a commonplace in theoretical geology, and the late Laureate has sung them in perhaps imperishable verse. Mutability on so great a scale can never fail to appeal to the imagination and excite the wonder of the appreciative observer. Few, indeed, are the landscape scenes which do not afford instances of the valley exalted and the mountain and hill made low.

THE SPIDER IN ASTRONOMY.

The harmless necessary spider has long been an esteemed colleague of the astronomer in his telescopic observation of the heavens, and it is not to be wondered at that she becomes a household pet for many years with those who know her value in the observatory. From the gossamer web of

the garden spider are taken the fine threads which one sees in the astronomical telescope stretched across the lens at the far end of the tube. They serve for the accurate sighting of the telescope. The telescope is directed towards a star, and the image of the star is seen as a minute point of light. When that point is made to coincide with the intersection of the two central spider lines, the telescope is properly "sighted."

Again, vast though the objects of view in the heavens may be, they are practically minute to the astronomer by reason of their great distance. To get their measures an instrument capable of the very greatest nicety is required. Here again the aid of the spider is invoked, this time at the eye end of the telescope. We may want to measure the length of the shadow of a mountain on the moon, in order to calculate the height of the mountain itself. The filar micrometer, with its two parallel spider lines and a third at right angles, with a micrometer screw attached, will enable us to do this, so extremely fine and delicate are its measurements.

The value of the screw is known, and hence the length of the shadow can be determined. The elevation of the sun at the moment when the measures were made is also found, and hence the actual elevation of the mountain can be calculated. By measures of this kind the height of a rampart surrounding a crater on the moon can be learned. The method was admirably shown to an East London audience of 5,000 last winter by Sir Robert Ball, and is one of the most convincing features of astronomical work.

Or instead of three spider lines we may have a perfect reticule of them, dividing the view into a large number of squares. This reticule is set in a square frame and inserted in the telescope. "How to make a Spider-line Reticule" was the subject of discussion at a recent meeting of the British Astronomical Association, when several of the members gave their experiences. Mr. Walter Maunder, the well-known telescopicist at the Greenwich Observatory, gave some valuable experiences, which may save the amateur the expense of the filar micrometer or the brass-wire reticule. Of course we have first to catch our spider. The orthodox Arachnid for the purpose is the handsome, coroneted spider of our gardens, whose wonderful geometrical webs begin to appear in September. The spider being lifted out of her web is placed in a small paper bag, which is closed by gently twisting up its mouth. The next step is to provide oneself with a wire fork bent into the shape of a U. The entire length of the wire may be twelve or fifteen inches, and the points of the U two and a half or three inches apart, of sufficient width to overlap the frame which is to be webbed. Just previous to the winding the fork should be coated with the usual commercial "brown hard varnish." The operator then mounts a stool, so as to give the spider sufficient "drop," places his fork ready to his hand, and taking the paper bag in his left hand and a small, straight piece of wood in his right, lifts out the spider. He then takes the fork, and when the spider has dropped two or three feet, and is hanging by a line of that

length, puts in his fork and gently winds up, pushing forward the fork as it is rotated, so that the thread lies on it in a zigzag manner. Other forks may be similarly filled if the spider is in the humour for spinning. The forks when filled should be placed in an upright position for about an hour; they may then be packed away in suitable boxes for use when required.

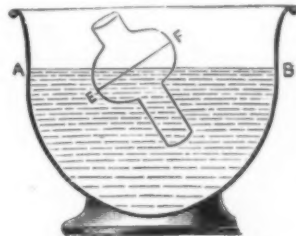
But the operator is free to adopt another expedient. He need not capture the spider at all, but may take the thread direct from the spider's web. But in this case the web is destroyed, and the operator waits till the spider has recovered confidence and begun a new web. Then, when she has laid her main cables, but before she has begun her ladders, the fork may be twisted into one of the cables, which is brought away in a zigzag as before. Perhaps this method may commend itself to some persons in preference to the first-named, although there is nothing which the humanitarian could object to in Mr. Maunder's more scientific process.

A spider-line reticule thus made has been found to last fifteen or twenty years. Mr. Hilger, of the British Astronomical Association, who has had much experience with spiders and spider lines, much prefers the spider's thread to the finest brass wire supplied by the instrument-makers, even though platinum wires can be made only $\frac{1}{10000}$ of an inch in diameter. The spider lines are, in fact, not half this thickness, being only $\frac{1}{20000}$ of an inch. Moreover, he found it impossible to get metallic wires either truly round or truly straight, whereas the spider line was perfectly true in these respects. The spiders, he adds, are intelligent little animals, and if treated gently and kindly will readily do all that the telescopist wants of them. He provides his spiders with fresh green leaves from the garden, and is most careful not to do anything which may frighten or startle them. By thus cultivating friendly terms with his spinning *protégés*, he had collected more than a mile of web from three little garden spiders, which had lasted him two years.

A final word of guidance to the novice in the art of spider-line reticules may be useful. Spider lines vary in thickness, and a startled spider, when it decides to drop to the ground, emits a thickish thread for the purpose, such as will bear its weight. These thicker threads should occupy the centre of the frame, and Mr. Maunder recommends that every fifth thread from the centre should be a thicker one. When complete, the spider-line reticule becomes one of the most interesting of accessories in the cabinet of the naturalist and telescopist alike.

A TELESCOPE OF THE FUTURE.

One of the limitations to the size of great telescopes is the enormous weight of the compound lens known as the object-glass, or, in the case of the reflecting telescope, the mirror. The lens or the mirror which the tube has to carry may amount to as much as five hundredweight,¹ and the difficulty is to prevent it from bending under its own weight, with a resulting distortion of the image of the planet, star, or other heavenly body which is under observation. Another result is the great difficulty, if not impossibility, of giving the telescope a sufficiently wide range of motion when it is desired to follow the path of a celestial object. Mr. Common's great reflector at Ealing (which is no less than five feet in diameter) and Lord Rosse's famous telescope at Parsonstown are examples of the limitations of great telescopes owing to this cause, although very important and unique achievements lie within the scope of Mr. Common's splendid instrument. Sir Howard Grubb, F.R.S., has recently been dealing with the subject and



suggesting a solution of the problem of support. In a lecture before the Royal Institution he has proposed to mount huge reflectors by floating them on water. He would thus obtain equal bearings for the heavy mirror, instead of a pressure which at present is concentrated at one particular spot. His model is exhibited in the accompanying wood-cut. *AB* is the level of the water, and *EF* the mirror, placed in a peculiarly shaped hollow chamber. The lecturer showed that when he placed this chamber in a perpendicular position in the water, it remained floating perpendicularly; also that when he placed it at an inclination to the perpendicular, within certain limits, it would remain floating at that inclination, as represented in the diagram. He also showed, by means of two drawings, how it could hypothetically be controlled and guided by mechanical appliances placed above. He thought that upon this principle it will be possible to support a mirror of any weight whatever.

¹ See p. 332, March 1894.

Varieties.

British Association at Oxford.—The sixty-fourth meeting of the British Association is held at Oxford, commencing on August 8. The president is the Marquis of Salisbury, chancellor of the university. The first meeting at Oxford was in 1833, when Dr. Buckland presided. At the Oxford meeting in 1847 Mr. Charles Darwin was one of the speakers, and Robert Chambers, author of the "Vestiges of Creation," read a paper. The jubilee meeting of the Association was held at York in 1882. There are few now surviving who have witnessed the origin, growth, and prosperity of this great council of science down to our own day. All the vice-presidents and presidents of sections are comparatively new men, but they are worthy successors of Sir David Brewster and other notables of the past generation who founded the Association, whose first meeting was at York in 1832.

Handel's Expressive Pathos.—When Handel was blind he composed his Samson, in which is the most touching of songs, "Total Eclipse." He sent for Beard, then the most popular singer of the day. "Mr. Beard," he said, "I have made a song, which I cannot sing as it ought to be sung, but I can tell you how it ought to be sung." But then he sang it, with the most expressive pathos. Beard stood listening in silent wonder and admiration. When it was ended, he said, with tears in his eyes, "But, Mr. Handel, I can never sing it like that!" This anecdote, not recorded in common biographies of Handel, used to be told by the late Edward Fitzgerald, whose Letters have recently been published.

Mr. G. Tinworth's Memorial of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon. The most memorable event of the 1894 "Founder's Day at the Orphanage" was the unveiling of the terra-cotta work of Mr. Tinworth, including a central figure of the great preacher, with panels representing two of his most important undertakings—a group of orphans with their protector, and a group of students with their teachers. Above the panels are the words, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith"; while on a brass plate near the base of the statue is the following inscription: "This hall and monument erected in loving memory to Charles Haddon Spurgeon," to which is added this passage from one of his addresses respecting the Orphanage: "The objects of our care are not far to seek. There they are at our gates—widows, worn down with labour, often pale, emaciated, delicate, and even consumptive; children half famished, growing up neglected, surrounded with temptation. Can you look at them without pity? We cannot. We will work for them through our Orphanage as long as our brain can think and our pen can write and our heart can love. Neither sickness nor weariness shall tempt us to flag in this sacred enterprise." The Rev. John Spurgeon, father of the pastor, his two sons, and his widow, were present at the ceremony, with a large assembly of friends and sympathisers with the work of the Tabernacle.

Burnham Beeches.—The sale of the beautiful domain of Birket Foster has recalled many associations memorable in history and in art. Among them is the illustration of the little book on "Burnham Beeches" by Francis George Heath, by whose timely suggestion the Corporation of London, in 1879, secured the property for the use of the public, under the authority of the Act of Parliament for preservation of open spaces within twenty-five miles of the metropolis. In that book the story of Burnham, and of the residence there of the poet Gray, the author of the Elegy, is told in a charming way. The four beautiful wood en-

gravings illustrating Stoke Pogis were from drawings by Birket Foster. Other illustrations are from the photographs of Mr. Vernon Heath, of world-wide reputation in that art. Mr. Francis Heath says that one of the beeches has a girth of thirty feet before sending off any branches, where the tree had been polled. Whether this tree still exists, or whether the measurement was accurately taken, we do not know; but in 1867 Mr. Huttula found the measurement of the largest tree to be twenty-two feet nine inches at the height of five feet from the ground. Several others were measured by Mr. Huttula at nineteen to twenty feet at the same height. Every year since the public acquisition of the famous retreat the crowd of visitors and of artists increases, the facilities of access by rail and road making it a pleasant excursion. The Court of Common Council may well be proud of their action, and the public spirit of Francis George Heath should not be forgotten.

Perils of Student Life.—As there are strong efforts made to diminish the control and to relax the discipline of undergraduate life at Oxford and Cambridge, the testimony of M. Taine as to the dangers besetting the students in Paris is worthy of attention. He says, in his book "The Modern Régime," translated by John Durand: "At the Schools of Medicine, Law, Pharmacy, Fine Arts, Charters, and Oriental Languages, at the Sorbonne, and at the Ecole Centrale his emancipation is sudden and complete. When he goes from secondary education to superior education he does not, as in England and in Germany, pass from a restricted liberty to one less restricted, but from a cloistered discipline to complete independence. In a furnished room, in the promiscuity and incognito of a common hotel, scarcely out of college, the novice of twenty years finds at hand the innumerable temptations of the streets, the dram shops, the beer shops, public balls, obscene publications, chance acquaintances, and the *liaisons* of the gutter. He yields to opportunity, to example, he goes with the current, he floats without a rudder, he lets himself drift. As far as hygiene, or money, or sex is concerned, his mistakes, his follies, great or small, are almost inevitable, while it is an average chance if, during his three, four, or five years of full license, he does not become entirely corrupt."

Letter-traps.—Postal mishaps are so rare that the percentage of letters lost or straying is wonderfully small. Now and then a dishonest person is discovered, either in the post-office receiving houses, or among letter carriers, but these are local disturbances in the system. A correspondent mentions that "a post-card went astray through having been caught in an open circular or halfpenny letter-trap." In another case a directed envelope, with acknowledgment of money received, was delayed through the same cause. Letter envelopes should always be of a size sufficient to minimise this risk of loss or delay.

Tortoni's.—Tortoni's once world-renowned café at the corner of the Rue Taitbout on the Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, has disappeared, and with it will be forgotten a host of noted scenes and personages, never to be recalled save by some curious search into the memoirs and biographies of other days. Talleyrand delighted to frequent the place, and to gather from the routé and spy Montrond facts and gossip to be turned to political account. M. Joux, the Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin, was a frequenter of the café, and the politest of head waiters, "Pardón" Prévost, saw many another notable of political or literary or fashionable Paris.

The original founder of Tortoni's was a Neapolitan named Velloni, who came to Paris towards the close of last century and opened the café at the corner of the Rue Taitbout,

where he depended for encouragement much less on the sale of coffee and liqueurs than on that of Neapolitan ices. There were, in 1799, already nine hundred cafés in the French capital, but there were very few in which even tolerable ices were sold. Velloni prospered to such an extent in the Rue Taitbout that he must needs found half a score places of entertainment scattered in different parts of Paris. Through over-speculation he fell into difficulties, and to save something out of the wreck of his fortune he transferred his café on the Boulevard to his manager, a fellow-countryman named Tortoni, who became, at first nominally and afterwards substantially, the proprietor of the establishment. Tortoni's figures very conspicuously, during the First Empire and the Restoration, as the favourite haunt both of the fashionable world and of statesmen and diplomats.

And how many more formerly famous temples of luxurious refection have disappeared from the Gay City! The Café de la Régence and the Café de la Rotonde in the Palais Royal have vanished as completely as the Bastille. No signs remain of the Café Parfait or of the Café Turc on the Boulevard du Temple. The subterranean coffee-house known as the Café des Aveugles, where concerts were given every night by an orchestra entirely composed of blind persons, is as dead as the adjoining Café du Sauvage, of which the great attraction was a mountebank dressed up as a savage, who used to perform all kinds of pseudo-savage tricks for the entertainment of the visitors. Advancing civilisation and the perpetual desire for change have swept all these once popular places from the face of Paris.

Hailstorms of 1894.—The atmospheric disturbances of this year have been probably greater than in any year since scientific records have been kept. In earlier periods of history, no doubt, the changes of the earth's protecting ocean of air have been more wonderful, but no previous records exist of so many storms, blizzards, and other disturbances, at least in the northern hemisphere. Taking hailstorms alone, common occurrences in Continental countries where "paragrêle" insurance clubs abound, there was a summer shower of hail, on June 7, unparalleled in violence within the memory of man. The storm of 1848 in Austria was long spoken of, but that of 1894 will be more notable. Not a few deaths of men and animals occurred from falling trees or lightning-stricken objects. The hailstones at Vienna were as large as walnuts, and stripped the foliage of gardens and forests. It is stated that in a large factory on the Danube not fifty out of 4,000 panes of glass remained unbroken, and in the Emperor's palace above 600 panes were broken.

Thomas à Kempis, Esq.—A letter addressed as below to Thomas à Kempis as a writer of to-day was received not long since in Paternoster Row. It did not come from spiritualist or dreamer, but from a Londoner who so thoroughly believed in the present mundane existence of the famous author as to be wishful to do business with him. A most interesting facsimile reproduction of the "De Imitatione," printed at Augsburg in 1471-2, had been issued by Mr. Elliot Stock, with an introduction by Canon Knox Little. A notice of this as one of the earliest books ever printed was cut from a daily newspaper and sent by one of the Press Cutting Agencies in good faith to Thomas à

Kempis through the publisher, with the form, "Please enter my name as a Subscriber to your Agency for Newspaper Cuttings relating to Myself, Books, &c.," and the following letter:

London, March 21, 1894.

Dear Sir,—This agency supplies extracts on any subject from all newspapers published throughout the United Kingdom and the colonies.

May I send you all notices relating to the enclosed, or on any subject in which you may be interested?

Enclosed please find form of subscription, and awaiting an early reply,

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

T. A. Kempis, Esq.

Faraday's First Public Appearance.—Sir Roderick Murchison used to tell an interesting anecdote about Faraday. At the beginning of his scientific studies after leaving the army (he was in the Peninsular War with Wellington, and fought at Corunna under Sir John Moore), Sir Roderick attended the chemistry class of Professor Brande at the Royal Institution. One day Brande was absent through illness, and his assistant, a pale, thin lad, took his place. He gave the lecture and the experiments in so admirable a manner, that at the close of the lecture he received from the class a hearty round of applause. This was the first public appearance, as a lecturer, of Michael Faraday.

Brian H. Hodgson.—Five years ago, at the Oxford Commemoration, the Sheldonian rang with wild enthusiasm when the degree of D.C.L. was conferred on a patriarch of the age of eighty-nine. Brian Houghton Hodgson, whose very name was unknown to the multitude, but honoured by the few, was thus distinguished. He was a man of noble presence and of great refinement of countenance. None who witnessed the scene can forget the appearance of the white-haired English scholar that day. He passed away in his ninety-fifth year this summer. Born in 1800, he entered the Indian Civil Service in 1818, and was appointed secretary of the Nepal Embassy before he was twenty-one. For twenty-five years he was British Resident in Nepal. After other services in the East, he returned to England finally in 1858. The years of his retirement from public service have been watched with keenest interest by all oriental scholars. Hundreds of manuscripts had been sent home in previous years, and had been distributed among the learned societies of continental countries, as well as in his own country. It was by his researches and munificence that the sacred writings of Buddhism were first made known, although younger men have become famous by following his studies and making them popular. It was not in philology alone that he was eminent. It is stated in an obituary notice in the "Times" that the British Museum had received more than 10,000 specimens of plants and animals from Northern India, and that there is scarcely one museum of Europe that has not been enriched by zoological treasures sent by Mr. Hodgson from Nepal, Tibet, and other remote regions of the East. The records of his services have been familiar to the Fellows of the Asiatic Societies of England and of Bengal, and to men of science everywhere. It is only now that his name as an

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26.

oriental scholar and naturalist is brought into prominent notice, when his death is announced. He had lived during the last thirty years in a delightful home in Gloucestershire, from which he had sent articles for publication in the transactions of learned societies, while he himself enjoyed till extreme age the health and vigour which had carried him almost through the century.

Who Originated the Palestine Exploration Fund?

There is no difference of opinion as to the important results of the Palestine Exploration Fund. A question has arisen as to the first originator of the scheme. The Rev. Dr. Whitty, M.A., puts in a claim, in an elaborate pamphlet, published by William McGee of Dublin, maintaining that the Fund began with a proposal to increase the water-supply for modern Jerusalem and its rapidly increasing population. We cannot enter upon the discussion as to who was the founder of the Fund, nor review the book issued in 1863, at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit to Palestine, along with Dean Stanley; but the poetical preamble to the present pamphlet will amuse every reader, which we quote verbatim:

In Re A (Protos), versus X. Y. Z.

TIME presses onward with resistless force,
And Nature, aye unswerving in her course,
Guides this vast Universe with frayless gear;
Fulfilling changeless laws, whilst adding year to year.

Since he who scribes,—Johannes Irwine Whitty—
Explored Jerusalem, the Holy City,
Have two-and-thirty age-worn years fled by:—
See present date below,—marked "Anno Domini."

There,—at the epoch indirectly shown—
Three Britons sat,—not, strictly, quite alone—
Conversing in a tent; and *where* they sate
Within a bowshot lay of the Damascus Gate.

The Prince of Wales,—heir to dominion high
And Britain's Throne—of said Triumviri
Was one; Dean Stanley,—potent in each word—
Another; I,—not then ordained—the needful third.

My views,—my project—did I there unfold:—
My plans respecting Palestine were told:—
Those powerful allies did my Cause embrace.—
Read now the weighty documents that prove my CASE.
Ramsgate, Anno Domini 1894.

Johannes Irwine Whitty may be a man of varied accomplishments, who in past times has distinguished himself both at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards at Oxford, but his perverid Irish genius is not tempered by practical wisdom in the publication of this poem. A more praiseworthy deed, rewarded by a bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society, was his rescuing a girl at Herne Bay in 1890, when he was himself in his sixty-seventh year. His metrical description of this adventure appears in the pamphlet, as suitable for a recitation or a reading at meetings. It is also a fact that Dr. Whitty obtained the earliest Firman from the late Sultan and Fuad Pasha, the Grand Vizier, thirty years ago, for exploring subterranean Jerusalem in search of water.

Comets.—Two new comets have been discovered this year: one by Mr. Denning at Bristol, on March 26 (Easter Monday), and the other by Mr. Gale, at Sydney, on April 3. The latter was for a short time visible without the aid of a telescope. Denning's had passed its nearest point to the Sun so long ago as February 13, and ceased to be visible a few weeks after; it will probably return in 1901. Gale's was in perihelion on April 14, and at the end of that month was about six times as bright as at the time of discovery. Its northerly motion was so rapid that it was observed in Europe in the months of May and June; but it has since ceased to be visible even with powerful telescopes.

A small periodical comet returned last spring. First discovered by the late M. Tempel at Milan, on July 3, 1873, it was found to be revolving in a short elliptic orbit round

the Sun, with a period of about 5½ years, and was observed again in the autumn of 1878. Though not seen at the returns due in the winter of 1883 and the early spring of 1889, it was re-discovered by Mr. Finlay at the Cape of Good Hope on the 8th of May last, and was visible for a few weeks as a telescopic comet.

One other periodical comet is expected this year, the return of which may be looked forward to with confidence in the course of next winter. The comet in question (known as Encke's) will not make its nearest approach to the Sun until February 10, but it will probably become visible some time in December.—W. T. LYNN.

Steamers of the African Lakes.—Besides the steamboats constructed by the "African Lakes Company," there are boats belonging to the "Zambesi Traffic Company," the "African International Flotilla Company," plying on the lakes and on the Zambesi river for trade. If the proposed railway from Zanzibar towards Uganda is ever completed, the slave trade will die away. "The Arabs," says Mr. Commissioner Johnston, "I am happy to say, are a waning force, and will soon cease to be a factor in Central African politics, at any rate so far as British Africa is concerned."

Roses on the Shire Highlands.—As a proof of the favourable climate of the Shire Highlands, which Dr. Livingstone recommended as a field for Scottish emigration, it is a fact that the settlers on the Shire have splendid rose-trees in their gardens, and the roses are in flower all the year.

Astronomical Notes for August.—On the 1st of this month the Sun rises at 4h. 25m. in the morning, and sets at 7h. 47m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 4h. 47m., and sets at 7h. 21m. The Moon is New on the 1st at 24 minutes past noon; in the First Quarter at 10h. 5m. on the forenoon of the 8th; Full at 1h. 17m. on the afternoon of the 16th; in Last Quarter at 5h. 40m. on the morning of the 24th; and New again at 8h. 5m. on the evening of the 30th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about 7 o'clock on the evening of the 13th, and in perigee, or nearest us, at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 29th. The planet Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the morning of the 9th, and being at the time of considerable northern declination in the constellation Cancer, will be visible for a few mornings before sunrise. Venus is still a morning star, passing during the month from Gemini into Cancer; she will be about 7° due south of Pollux on the 13th, and in conjunction with the Moon (then horned, and within two days of being New) on the 28th. Mars rises soon after 10 o'clock in the evening at the beginning of the month, and about an hour earlier at the end of it, passing from the constellation Pisces into Aries; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 22nd. Jupiter is a morning star situated near the common boundary of the constellations Taurus and Gemini, and rising not long after midnight; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 26th. Saturn is still in Virgo, and will be about 5° due north of the bright star Spica on the 12th, when he sets about half-past 9 o'clock in the evening; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 6th. The only special phenomenon requiring mention this month is the appearance of the Perseids or August meteors. Although the history of these bodies cannot be traced so far back as that of the Leonids or mid-November meteors, they are probably far older denizens of our system than the latter, which are thought to have been introduced into it by the attraction of Uranus about the second century of the Christian era. Being more evenly distributed along the extent of the elliptic ring in which they move round the Sun, they are seen every year, but never in such abundance or with such a brilliant display as the November meteors occasionally present. Their appearance, however, lasts much longer, and whoever watches for them on any night in the second week of August (but particularly on those of the 9th and 10th) will be certain to see some. It is well known that the mid-November stream is connected with a small comet seen in December 1865, and expected again in 1899; that of August is connected with a brighter comet observed in 1862, which has been calculated to be moving round the Sun in a period of about 124 years.—W. T. LYNN.

